

THE ARGUENOT



JUNE, 1925

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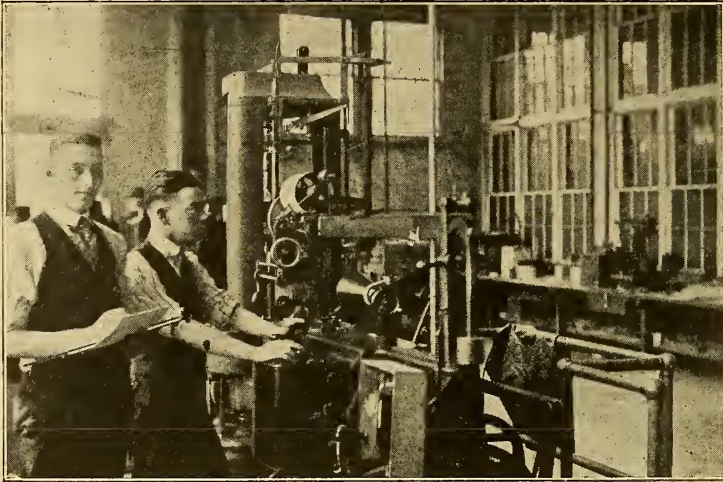
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FOREWORD

THE last issue! The Senior Issue! Only the Seniors, and especially the Senior members of the Staff, can really appreciate poignantly the knell-like quality of these words. For years, now, the Seniors have contributed to the "Arguenot," and have experienced that thrill which accompanies the sight of their names and writings in print.

Now they will no longer take active part in the work of the school and the school paper, but they will always continue to give both their interest and support.

In anticipation of this interest and support, moral and material, the Staff dedicates this last issue of the "Arguenot" to the members of the Class of 1925. May they and the "Arguenot" prosper in years to come, and may they both attain the ideals set up for them by the Norwood High School.

The "Arguenot" bids

* * *

farewell to the Seniors

* * *

and wishes them

* * *

all things good, and hopes

* * *

that they will always

* * *

remember it

* * *

and the N. H. S.

* * *

with a certain warm feeling

* * *

about their hearts.

* * *

The "Arguenot"

* * *

wishes the Seniors

* * *

the best of luck

* * *

the best of memories

* * *

and best of futures.

* * *

Impavidi

* * *

progrediamur!

On the Traffic Question

MUCH has been said about the carelessness of automobile drivers; but isn't there another side to the question? How about the carelessness of pedestrians, especially of children? How many pedestrians use the safeguards provided for them—cross the street only at the white lines, or wait at a safety zone for a clear passage? Many people apparently think the motorists should be eyes and ears for them, and calmly cross the street, leaving it to the drivers to miss them as best they can.

Bad as the grown-up pedestrians are,

the children are worse. They dodge in and out anywhere at anytime. Boys stand at the side of the road begging for rides and otherwise diverting the motorists' attention. Small children with their "kiddy cars" and "scooters" use the street for a playground and are in constant danger.

All these risks are taken not through ignorance, but through indifference and carelessness. Everyone knows better. Therefore let us use our brains and give the motorists a square deal.

LUTHER HOWES, '27.

When Autos Sprout Wings

MR. ERIK NELSON, of the U. S. "Round-the world fliers," has predicted winged automobiles. He says, "The time is not so very far away when autoists will attach wings to the "old bus," and fly from the country home to the office in the city. On arriving at the city, he will "park" the wings at the landing grounds and drive the "just-plain-auto" to the office." Then he goes further to say, "And I hope to live to see the day, too."

When the flying-auto days arrive, the

steeple-jacks will quit their jobs, so safe, high upon the steeple, and take to ditch-digging. Some big business men, already looking into the future, have been busy lately, having plans drawn up for their new "Aerial Service Stations."

Some advertising slogans in "flying out days" might be:

"Instead of making or breaking springs in your car, you are apt to break wings some day. Take insurance with Break-neck Insurance Company, the only company with an office on the ground."

EDMUND MORRISSEY, '27.

A Struggle

Poems are not in my line,
I'd rather write a story;
Poems won't get me a nice big A,
Nor cover me with glory.

I wearily take my pen in hand
And jot down a couple of lines;

Oh! I don't care what the content is,
As long as the darned thing rhymes.

A sure disaster confronts me,
But I don't care a bit;
I've had a fling writing poetry,
And now you're reading it.

ROBERT C. WALDHEIM, '25.



Masterpieces

THE clock in the church belfry struck the hour of noon. The silvery bells sent forth a wonderfully sweet peal which penetrated the countryside near by. The young girl, who had been reading so intently, arose at the first stroke of the bell and stood with bowed head until the last harmonious peal. Then, with a sigh not exactly of relief, she sank again into the cushions from which she had a few moments previously arisen. The book remained on the floor at her feet where it had fallen. She was not interested any more in the story.

At present she was dreaming—the same old dreams of yesterday. Years before, when she was only a child and her beloved country was in the midst of war ruins, she had commenced to dream,—to build castles in the air which were only blown away as were the soap bubbles of her playtime. It was always so disappointing to watch carefully—oh, so carefully—and see the tiniest of bubbles appear, grow, grow bigger still and then just at the prettiest, most colorful stage of the growing, to see a puff of wind come and carry it up so lightly, way up in the air, up among the trees, and then another puff of playful wind would come and

with just a tiny prick—the bubble was gone!

So it was with all her ideas and dreams, reflected the young girl, Nayta. She was a beautiful young thing with large eyes which turned on one with the apparent fear of a young fawn, caught. True, her grandpere had often called her his fawn. She had missed her grandpere a lot after he had been found in his last sleep one sorrowful, drab day. Nayta had grieved, for hadn't her grandpere been her chum, her pal? She had been only a child before, but this most important event in her life had made her older—the bud had blossomed and to the countryside around Nayta was known as the "Image Beautiful." Few people ever saw her after her grandfather's funeral, for she had kept to herself, seldom allowing herself to be seen by any of the town-folk, but it was generally known that at the chiming of the church bells all work had ceased in the house of Nayta and long after the bells were hushed, Nayta sat dreaming. Why, no one knew, or ever was to know.

So it was on this beautiful spring day when our story opens. The setting was the same as usual—Nayta dreaming, the flowers nodding "how-de-do" to

each other and everything silent except for the cheery chirruping of a tiny jay as he perched on the branch of a blossoming fruit tree near the cottage. It was all very attractive—there had always been enough of worldly goods in Nayta's family—and the stranger at the gate paused and drank in the beauty of the new nature picture with a most evident enjoyment. He was not young so far as actual age went, but as he watched and watched closely this scene before him, the spirit of youth seemed to awaken in him again. Little wrinkles began to appear at the corners of his eyes, an irresistible twinkle in them and a pleasant curling up at the corners of his mouth. He was enjoying himself immensely and he became in mood a little boy again. How he wished and oh, what would he not have given to have had his old sling shot with him! He was an American. How he would like to have startled this beautiful creature, this image who was dreaming, sublimely unconscious of the hunter so near—the hunter who was gazing, yes, staring at his prey! For she was his prey. Not for nothing had this American gone far out of his way to see this Nayta; not for nothing had he changed his plans so that he might see the "Image Beautiful" of France. Was he not an artist? Was he not the artist most talked of in England, France and America? But this would not be known to Nayta,—of this fact he was sure and that was why Charens himself had sought out this famed French country girl to help him in the picture which was to be his masterpiece.

He was enjoying to the uttermost the living picture,—the rich little cottage which had remained untouched by the sordid war, the perfectly arranged gardens, the trees, the little bird, and last of all the girl herself. Was it real?

Was it a living picture? It was one of God's masterpieces—he was sure of that—but still, he wished he could startle her—surprise her into another fashion of beauty. That was the youth in him—youth, youth.

He spoke softly, after a minute, but the girl did not move—she was far away. Again he spoke and slowly, oh so slowly, Nayta returned. When at last her feet touched the ground as she jumped from her dream-chariot, she became aware of the stranger and with a sudden graceful leap from her cushions, ran and stood in the doorway, gazing with childish eyes, full of fear, at Charens. With determination in every move, the latter put out his hand to open the gate which barred the shell path, but as he did so, some unforeseen power bolted it and Charens was not able to move it. Looking up, he met the eyes of Nayta, which had a most triumphant glint in them. It was strange, he thought. She was amused at him! Well, he was amused, too—at himself! He would disturb her no more today—he had seen her—but tomorrow, tomorrow.

The morrow came and everything was the same as on the previous day. Nayta was aroused from her cushions by the songs of the bells. She was entirely unconscious of Charens, who had stolen up behind a bush and who, with wonderful rapidity was transferring the scene before him onto a piece of canvas. As Nayta dreamed, Charens dreamed also, even though he was working fast for fear of losing his model. He dreamed of the picture that was to be his masterpiece—one of God's masterpieces reproduced by him, Charens. But then, Nayta dreamed too. All of us dream at some time or another and do our dreams come true? Sometimes, but—

Day after day, Charens worked in

the same manner and Nayta, for some unknown reason, worked into his plans as though everything had been previously arranged. It was strange—it seemed almost as though the Fates had directed the actions of the young girl. Slowly but surely the daubs of color on Charens' canvas took definite form and Charens' heart skipped with joy and happiness at the wonderful thing which he was achieving.

The day came when Charens had finished his masterpiece and he had disappeared from the little French village where Nayta lived.

* * * * *

It was several years later. A group of distinguished looking men and women were grouped in front of the most talked

of picture in all the galleries of the day. Among them was Charens. He was speaking. "No, I never spoke to her and sometimes I think I dreamed it all. If I did, there it is—my 'Image Beautiful.'"

Was it true that it had been just a dream—one of those lovely apparitions which an artist can sometimes evolve by "building a bridge from dreamland" for his theme? As the years passed, Charens found it more and more difficult to convince himself that Nayta had actually existed. Was she not the incarnate spirit of spring hovering over the lovely scene which he had painted? However that might be, there remained always the tangible result of his work,—his "Image Beautiful."

ALICE M. PRATT, '25.

Moon Magic

One silver velvet night in warm mid-summer,
I stumbled on along a craggy beach.
Boulders shoulder-high to me I clambered,
And breakers talked to me with roaring speech.

And suddenly a huge, black crag loomed darkly
Before me like a giant in the night,
And, as I walked and peeked around it's hugeness,
I saw a little, dancing, moonlight-spright.

A drop of moonlight must have gone to make her,
So bright and silver was her gleaming skin;
Her hair some moonbeams spun to silky fineness,
A reed her swaying body must have been.
She danced, O lithely, as I gazed in wonder,
Timing to some fairy music sweet;
She held her slim young arms up toward the moon-man;
She tripped and dipped upon her dazzling feet.

I watched, held cold and breathless by the mystic,
And wished and hoped she never would be through,
And then she turned, I looked, all unbelieving,—
'Twas just an honest-to-goodness girl like you.

KATHERINE FOSS, '24.

Her Mission

HELEN FITZJAMES, social worker, had just landed at the port of Tokio. There she was met by the American Ambassador, who was expecting her.

"I hate to discourage you at the start," he said, as they were riding to the American quarters, "but I am afraid you have a very great task waiting for you, Miss Fitzjames. There is a pagan tribe called the Nuddkas who persist in keeping their savage customs. They will be your greatest problem, but I am ready to be of assistance to you if need be."

"Thank you. Perhaps I may need your assistance before long," she replied.

Next morning she went to visit the Nuddka section of the city to find out what she could about the people there. But finding the houses deserted, she walked along the main street until she heard shouts to the right. Turning down this street, she saw a huge throng in the distance and, hurrying towards them, she could see that they were dancing around and shouting excitedly. Being careful not to attract attention to herself, she skirted the crowd until she came to the diggings of what she supposed was to be a temple.

Then she saw what it was that the

people were so excited about. A very young, attractive girl was standing at the edge of the foundation trying to make herself heard above the shouts of the crowd. Helen spoke to a man who looked to be English and asked him what they were doing to the girl.

"They are going to bury her alive in the foundation of their temple so that it may be protected from earthquakes. No girl will do but this one because she has been chosen by the people," he explained.

Helen gasped. She couldn't let this go on. She must think quickly. She knew the great superstition of such pagan people and suddenly she thought of a wierd favor she had stuffed into her pocket the night before, at the end of a party. She pulled it out of her pocket, and pulling her hair down to make herself more unnatural-looking, she darted up beside the girl and blew on the horrible orange paper favor until every Nuddka had fallen on his knees with his face to the earth. Then she grabbed the girl by the wrist and dragged her with her. They left on the next boat for America.

Helen Fitzjames' mission had been short but successful without even the ambassador's help.

MARY CROWLEY, '25.

The Woods

I wander thru the woods each morn,
'Neath cool and swaying branches;
Tread pine needles soft and worn
By endless fairy dances.

All is wakened fresh and bright;
Cares are banished, sorrows gone;
Nature wrapt in golden light
Inspires laughter, joy and song.

I wander thru the woods each night,
Down the winding, leafy lane.
Each turn anew reveals delight
In the song-bird's sweet refrain.

J. H. ROSENGREN, '25.

Nocturne

Pale-pearl darkness, hushed, expectant.
Summer midnight in the Northland—
Cooling midnight, calming midnight,
Breathing, pulsing, living Midnight—
Thru which ran a restless river
Rushing forward, ever forward,
'Till it met the roaring rapids,
'Till it foamed and frothed and fretted
As it leaped the glist'ning rock shapes.
On the steep bank of the rapids
Stood a swarthy, spear-straight pine tree,
Cold, assured and dominating,
Proud in pride and high in hauteur,
But which shaded, loved and cared for
A small flower at its foothold.
Growing there in glowing beauty
Stood a slender, swaying flower
In the half-light half revealed,
In the half-night half concealed.
On the jagged, jetting rock bank
It stood unafraid, but swaying
From the silvery mist that covered
Stem and flower, leaves and petals.
Newly opened was the poppy,
Freshly fragrant, crimson colored,
Velvet eyed and velvet petalled.
Tiny mist drops gayly decked it
With a thousand sparkling diamonds,
Sparkling as the unseen star-worlds,
Sparkling as the new-ground sword blade;
But the mist drops drew together,
Formed in heavy, massive legions,
Drawing down the haughty flower
Toward the swirling, whirling waters.
But they fell, the allied mist drops
Down into maternal water.
Up the high-held head once more shot
Fresher, braver, battle-tempered,
Scatt'ring fell, deceitful diamonds,

Gazing up into the vague sky.
But again the mist drops gathered,
Again, ever beaten, vanquished.
But persistent, keen, and ruthless,
They returned as soon as conquered.
All the night the conflict wavered,
All the night the poppy struggled,
All the night the bloom resisted.
Then as from the gilded skyline
Warning fingers daybreak outflung.
From the dark and gloomy pine tree
Fell a crystal drop of water,
Whence it grew by added mist drops.
Down it fell into the poppy,
Which was low-bent, nearly vanquished
By the never banished mist drops.
On the sunken, silken flower,
Drooping over hungry waters,
Fell the drop, great, heavy, fatal.
From the slim and swaying stem-base
Fell the flower, still fresh, crimson,
Whirling down to whirling waters,
Tired, beaten, but that only
By the tree which long had shaded
The still budded, sleeping flower.
When the flower had awakened,
Richly red and fraught with life-blood,
Then the sponsor tree was jealous
When contrasting the gay blossom
With its own and sombre clothing,
With its dark and sable garments.
Rapids roared a trifle louder
And the sun rose, sov'reign, golden,
As the five red petals scattered
On the foam-flecked, furious water
And were sucked to dire destruction
Just below the spear-straight pine tree,
Which stood black against the sun-disk.

M. S. LINDBERG, '25.

A Barrier to Beauty

AUTHORITIES far sager than I have proclaimed that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," and as a corollary to this, I would add that beauty also is akin to Godliness. For whether we accept as an explanation of man's most remote ancestry the theory of evolution or the theory of the "fallen angel," still we must admit,—faced by the irrefutable evidences of the ages—that man, in either case, has endeavored to attain a degree of God-like perfection which was not already his.

As the first and most necessary step in mounting the heights of Olympus, he has sought world-enveloping beauty, which he truly surmised to be nearest to a state of flawlessness. We find the Spartans failing, however, when they tried to limit this to mere physical beauty—the velvet ripple of steel-like muscles, the lithesome grace of a finely-flexed body, the haughty lift of a nobly proportioned head,—but the problem seemed to be solved when at length it began to dawn on the horizon of man's intelligence that beauty is not a superficial quality, but a warm, heart-easing fragrance which emanates from the mind and from the spirit, and that that universal harmony, which is man's goal, can be gained only through the generosity of these organs in bestowing freely and indiscriminately whatever graces and virtues are theirs.

But alas, this solution, also, is readily seen to have been insufficient when we look about us in baffled wonder and discover a pitiful "Upsidonia" instead of the "Utopia" painted by our "mad" geniuses.

Back of man's failure to grasp the lofty plane which he has essayed, back of his dismal defeat in attempting to gain a gracious comeliness in his every detail,

is a fundamental error. In struggling for our coveted paradise, we have found the right door—which is beauty; we have the right key—which is the generous distribution of whatever loveliness of character we possess; but we are employing the wrong method of turning the lock. We are using as a guide to our actions the fact that we get out of life exactly what we put into it. But this, although undoubtedly true, has its foundations on an even more basic principle; that is, that we put into life exactly what we take out of it. Before we can invest anything in the existence of ourselves or of others, we must first have something to invest, and this something we may obtain only from what our surroundings or environment offers.

Of late, specialists have advised the cultivation of inward beauty, and consequently superficial exquisiteness, through association with inviting things. Working on the principle, "Among the gods, godly," they suggest not the Coué method of steadfast reiteration to develop the desired attributes, but they prescribe an environment composed only of delightful objects.

However, their well-intentioned counsel is frustrated by the simple physical fact that just as the entire sun may be obscured by a single finger held before the eye, so is the world of beauty hidden by the finger of press.

Several reformers, in the usual petty, microscopic way of reformers, have determined upon the "Mother Goose Rhymes" as the cause of the criminal tendencies of the present day. They have overlooked the obvious in searching, and have found the ridiculous.

Full as the newspapers are of indescribable incidents, of hideous murders, of

sordid tragedies, of obscene trials, there are no more potent factors in tarnishing the pleasing, the inspiring aspects of man's existence.

Constant reading of the most conservative daily papers is apt to influence even the optimistic mind so that it regards the world as a brutal place, and each of its inmates a fit subject for a "Rogues' Gallery."

If the news sheets produce this result on the more mature minds, then their harmful effect upon the juvenile intelligence must be incalculable. For almost invariably those criminal cases which are recorded in our daily journals are so treated that they either make ridiculous the judge and jury,—the exponents of justice,—or they arouse sympathy for the offender. They treat the law-breaker, not as an enemy of society, but as a reckless devil-may-care fellow whose offence is to be overlooked, even emulated. We pardon the "Robin Hood" of our favorite book because of the motive which actuated his robberies, but there is no such alleviating fact to justify leniency in regard to our criminals. Such a merciful course encourages others to fall into crime. But recently an audacious boy stole a car, outwitted the police, and terrorized the pedestrians of various streets by his wild driving. Despite this fact, huge crowds, instead of rigorously endeavoring to apprehend the youth, thronged the sidewalks, in awe and admiration, for a sight of him. Furthermore, the newspapers lauded and excused, rather than deprecated, his conduct. Immediately, several young men, greedy for the notoriety which their fellow had received, attempted to reproduce his antics, with sorry results. Thus through the mild handling of one law-breaker, several others were encouraged.

Although seven or eight columns are devoted to the story and pictures of a crime, tales of good or heroic deeds are found in a minute item on the eleventh sheet. The relative importance of right and wrong is proportionally distorted in such an arrangement. What is fair is reduced to a minimum space, and what is heinous is elaborated to occupy a huge section of the paper.

Nor do the newspaper men feel restricted to the truth in any way. President Coolidge, though perhaps not so emphatically, recently corroborated Oscar Wilde, who said, "Reporters are the most magnificent liars in the world." Nor was he far wrong, for if they do not actually lie, they certainly have powerful imaginations.

Furthermore, in a far larger sense, the impressions created by our papers are false. Their perverted view of justice and of wrong-doing, their gruesome dwelling on hideous details, their blithe disregard of facts for the sake of a vivid picture, in no way portrays the normal, average man and the normal, average life of the country. For every criminal exploited in our papers there are several thousand righteous, law-abiding citizens, who are consciously endeavoring to perform their duties. The concept of an American, formed in the mind of one who judges solely by the "dailies," must be a cross between a divorce-seeking Bolshevik and a corrupt politician. At best, such an image is a rank imposture, deceitful fraud, of man and of his ideals; at worst, it is a base insult to that vast majority of Americans who form the political, industrial, and moral backbone of the United States.

Though the editors may cry that they are forced to publish filth because the public demands it, their course is no more justifiable than that of a young mother

who gives green apples to her baby merely because the child desires them. Colic is induced by both actions, and "newspaper" colic is far more fatal to a country than is "green-apple" colic to an infant.

I once knew a boy who positively devoured the caterpillars right off the trees. You may rest assured that he was not encouraged in this practice, any more than the world should be encouraged in the filth-eating habit.

A giant sifting process must be brought into play upon our newspapers, to strain out the few grains of truth contained therein, and to cast away the leprous mass of detail. Thus, and only thus, may the blinders of hate and vice be withdrawn from "my brother's eye," so that he may once more see and delight in the true world of beauty—of faith in his fellow-men.

GRACE POTTER, '25.

Brothers—As They Aren't

OH, Sis can't I do this for you? Do you want me to take that upstairs? I see the woodbox is empty, I guess I'll get some more wood—I'll chop a lot so Dad won't have to do it tonight. I might as well bring up some coal, too.

Do you want me to take you out and show you how to drive the car? Take

your time about getting ready; we're not in any hurry. You needn't bring any money for gas, I still have enough left.

You are beginning to drive pretty well now, I don't think I could handle the car so well when I was learning to drive. You get around the corners nicely and you certainly can handle the brakes!

Brothers—As They Are

What do you think I am, a lady's maid? Can't you take that up yourself? You're not busy. Gee, that wood box is empty again. What do you do, burn a cord at a time? And the coal hod—I just filled it up two second's ago, and it's perfectly empty now!

Yes, I'll take you out and show you how to drive the old boat. Only, I hope you don't blame me if we get stuck without gas—I'm not going to buy your gas. Hurry up if your coming, I haven't got all day to drive you around.

Heaven! one would think you'd never been in an automobile before! Look out for that car coming up there. The brake! bra-a-ke can't you hear me? Don't you know enough to use the brake when its needed? Stop zig-zagging all over the road. What do you take the corners so sharp for? And is that the way you should get into high speed? The spark—you've got it retarded! I told you half an hour ago to advance it. Heavens! you certainly are dumb! Come on home!

J. M. SAELEN, '25.

My Good Luck

Did you ever go to the movie show
When the play was wonderfully true,

And say, "I'll get by to-morrow, I know,
If only two lessons I do"?

You stayed till the show was ended,
And then to a dance you went.
At twelve-fifteen you went to bed
And you felt like a copper cent.

"Oh, good!" you cried, as you rose next
day,
Though your head was swirling with pain.
"There'll not be any school today,"
For in torrents fell the rain.

L. WENZEL, '25.

My Ambition

WITHOUT the slightest hope of ever climbing up to the star whereon my ambition is perched, I am now going to enumerate my many hopes and desires. This enumeration, however, is not for the mere pleasure of placing my desires on paper, but for the most difficult task of getting people interested in my hopes so that perhaps I may have some aid in striving for them.

As a boy of six my ambitions were few but, nevertheless, eagerly desired. First, I wanted to have a free pass to an ice cream and candy store. Many hours and even days, especially rainy ones, I spent in just imagining what I would do if this prayed-for pass were given to me. In fact, I believed heaven to be an enormous soda fountain, where little boys could get all the ice cream they wanted without paying for it. My only other great desire at this time was to be a fireman. My poor mother's imagination must have been overworked trying to think up enough tales of firemen to satisfy my curiosity. Great were the thrills that used to come to me when the fire bells rang, for then I would hitch up my fire horse, that is, fasten a rope to my dog's collar, and dash madly down the street to some imaginary fire.

At the age of ten my ambition changed. No longer did I wish to be a fireman, but I wished to be a man of the woods, a second Daniel Boone. All my time was now spent in reading of the mighty men

of the frontier who had subdued the cruel redskins. Soon, however, I had exhausted the library's supply of literature on this fascinating subject, and so naturally I turned to the moving pictures. Here, I was satisfied not merely by the pictures themselves, but by my own reproduction upon returning home. Still my idea of heaven remained unchanged.

The next change in my desires occurred at the age of fifteen. I then wanted to be an explorer, a wanderer of the great open spaces "where men are men." Night after night I pondered over maps trying to find some place that I could discover and thus write my name on the unforgettable pages of history.

Now at the mature age of eighteen and at the particular time in my life when I am sure to know more than in any other, that is my senior year in high school, I place my ambitions before the people as a model from which they can shape their own. My other purpose in writing them is so that in fifty years from now I can read them and consider just how far I have fallen short, or perhaps succeeded, in passing my goal. In this coming vacation I want to work in a lawyer's office at a salary of at least twenty-five dollars a week, and here I want to get a clear understanding of just what this profession consists of and to learn whether I am fitted for it or not.

In September I want to enter Harvard

College and to begin to prepare for my life's battle. At the end of my four years in college, I want to have been graduated with honors, to have won the "H" in some sport, and to have been the leader of the banjo-mandolin club in my senior year. The next two years I hope to spend in Harvard Law School, from which I should greatly desire to be graduated "magna cum laude."

Now begins life's struggle.

Immediately after leaving Harvard Law, I want to enter some well-known firm of lawyers, preferably in New York. At first I do not expect to be well paid; in fact I do expect to be poorly paid. However, if hard work is an increaser of the pay envelope, at the end of the first year I hope to be receiving a good salary. At the end of my second year I should like to put out my own little shingle, and as my partner I should like to have one of the class of 1925, but of course one cannot have every little whim satisfied on the great battle-fields of life.

Now, after having gained my own little office, I should specialize in the defense of criminals. This I consider one of the greatest things that a man can do for

society. I am not referring to the hardened criminal, but to the defense of the one who has just made his first slip. Then is the time, in my mind, when the unfortunate one can be cured of his dishonest tastes if he ever can.

At the age of thirty-five I should like to enter politics, and, if possible, to be elected to the Senate within the next ten years. Politics I propose to make my chief work. I believe that more can be done for the middle and poor classes through straightforward and honest politics than through any other way. My chief aim will be to see if it is not possible to free politics from graft and other dishonest methods of doing things. This, I believe, is a real job. Many men have tried to correct them before and have failed. Perhaps I shall fail, but at least I shall have had the satisfaction of having done my best.

These are my ambitions as they were several years ago and as they are at present. I hope that they do not change very much within the next few years, as I think that I have plenty to do with these alone.

ERNEST MOLLOY, '25.

The Sea

Give me the sea or lonely shore,
With billows crested white,
The storms which rove its surface o'er,
Or sunbeams dancing bright.

The breakers bursting on the strand
Are music to my ear;
The craggy cliffs and golden sand,
Each—all to me are dear!

E. COBB, '25

Education

IS education doing its utmost to develop the growing generation?

The tendency of the school of the present day is to resist change; to go on doing things as they were always done.

Probably one of the greatest problems that a progressive person has to overcome is the old stand-by of the conservative, "It was good enough for my father, so it is good enough for me." When

education is controlled by the older generation there is always a tendency to be conservative. The teachers of the older generation are likely to stress the past, therefore making progress slow. Many of the old classical teachers resist the newer methods of teaching the classical languages.

For thirty years religious leaders have urged that the study of economics and sociology be introduced as part of the training for the ministry. But as yet, the religious seminaries, with a few exceptions, have not included these subjects in their curriculum. As a result of this lack of forethought upon the part of the supervisors of the seminaries, the clergy are losing influence because of their ignorance of the moral issues of the times.

To illustrate further that there is a tendency to resist change in our educational system, I am going to quote from Williamson's book on "Problems in American Democracy." "The more complex the needs of daily life, the greater the necessity of shifting emphasis in education. But in thus shifting the emphasis in education we must be careful not to disturb the balance between cultural and practical subjects."

Some of the educators of the older generation might well be compared with the Chinese people. The Chinese are taught to believe that what was good enough for their ancestors is good enough for them. Why even to-day the Chinese use the same type of plow that their ancestors used for tilling the ground.

The Chinese government at one time would not let any Americans land in their country, because they feared that these people from the west would attempt to change their ancient customs.

If those of the older generation do not keep up with the times, they are apt to have

a serious problem facing them: namely, the disobedience of the younger generation. Indeed, the children of America are considered the worst in the world. But this disobedience, taken from the point of view of progress, is a very favorable sign, because it denotes that the younger generation is thinking for itself and are not taking for granted the opinions of the past.

The old savage idea was to force obedience upon the younger generation. When but a boy of about twelve years, the young savage is taken in hand by the elders of the tribe and submitted to great physical torture. This cruel treatment breaks the spirit of the young savage, so that he has no desire to leave his tribe, but remains with his people and conforms to their way of living and thinking.

Of course we do not use such drastic methods to-day in order to force obedience, but there is that tendency to curb the young, and resist change.

Education should help the child to think for himself. If the child is not compelled to think for himself in school, he will not be able to think for himself after he has left school. Education should help the child to cultivate a desire for more knowledge and also a desire to see the world as it is.

One thing that must be considered is that the "needs and capacities" of the pupils are not alike. Mr. Dalton was one of the first men in this country to realize this fact. He therefore established a new system of education whereby a pupil was able to obtain more individual instruction than was ever afforded him by the other systems. This system of education has been established in some of our western schools, and has proved a great success.

It has been said many times by an un-

thinking public that the schools of this country do not present to the pupils subjects which will enable them to earn a better living after their education has been completed. It is sometimes very difficult for parents to see why a pupil should study a foreign language, if he is not going to make use of this knowledge in earning a living. Because of the growing demand that the schools give more practical courses, many of the schools have had woodworking and printing shops installed.

But in trying to be more practical, the schools are likely to lose sight of the fact that education should develop the cultural as well as the industrial side of life.

The school system in the United States has been expanding so rapidly that in many states the schools are not sufficiently supported by the taxpayers. In the year 1915 there were over two hundred thousand one-room schoolhouses in the United States. So you can see that there are as yet, many conservatives in control of education.

It seems a crime to me that such conditions as these should be allowed to exist in a country that is reputed to be the richest in the world.

The United States government has tried to better these conditions somewhat

by the passing of various legislation on education. Probably the most outstanding legislation is the Smith-Hughes Act, that was passed in February, 1917.

This act provided that a Federal Board for Vocational Education be established. "Each state accepting the provisions of the act must provide a state board to control a system of vocational schools. Each state must also agree to appropriate, either through the state or locally, an amount of money for teachers' salaries equivalent to the sum received from the Federal board. Such states must also agree to provide proper buildings and meet running expenses of the system."

The government appropriated more than a million and a half dollars the first year. This sum will be increased each year until the year 1925-26. Then the states will receive seven million dollars from the United States government in order to help support vocational education.

The passing of this act shows that the thinking men of America realize what a great part education plays in the welfare of this country.

It is my most sincere hope that Norwood will show herself to be a progressive town and be in the forefront in accepting new plans of education that may be advanced in the coming years.

CHESTER BAILEY, '25.

Myself

As I worked by myself,
And talked to myself,

Myself said unto me:
"Try for thyself,
You must try for thyself,
For nobody tries for thee."

I answered myself,
And said to myself,

In the self-same repartee:
"Try for thyself,
Or try not for thyself,
The self-same thing will be."

BERTHA HERSHENSON, '27.

The Next War

THE phrase that has entered the discussion of military affairs not only in America but in all the European countries, since the Armistice, is that of "the next war." This phrase has already furnished the theme for books in all European languages, thereby proving that it is a very important one and is worth our consideration.

It is impossible to prophesy what nations or combinations of nations might oppose forces in that "next war." For example, before the World War, who could have foretold the future course of Russia? Many European statesmen believed that Holland, Switzerland or even Spain might enter the great war, while only a very few counted on the United States entering the war, and yet the United States proved to be the deciding factor in war and peace. Who foresaw the American flag flying over the mighty fortress of Ehrenbreitstein at Coblenz? It would therefore be foolish for any person, even for the wisest and best informed statesman, to prophesy the partakers in the coming war. This question involves economics, internal politics, religion, sudden outbreaks of mob mind, shifts of population, and the rise of leaders as yet unknown, and since it is so complex, it renders forecast impossible.

It is infinitely easier to forecast the methods and strategies in future wars. But to see the future we must at least glance at the past. During the World War, not only did the character of warfare change, but its whole relation to peoples and to human life. Mr. Irwin says that an understanding of the difference between old wars and "the next war" is essential to an understanding of the present struggle between militarism and reasonable pacifism, between the

aristocratic ideal of society and the democratic, between those who believe in that next war and those who are groping toward a state of society which will abolish war.

The primitive savage often got the woman, the ox or the stone knife which he wanted simply by killing the possessor. With the organization of society, groups and tribes began to do the same thing as a means of acquiring live stock, wives, slaves, or territory. We do the same thing to-day as a means of acquiring natural resources such as oil, coal, iron, gold, silver, etc. The side which has the right is hardly ever the victor, but instead, the side which is the most skilled in war and which has the greater number of men.

"The next war" will probably involve almost all nations. The burden of taxation will weigh heavier and ever heavier on the common man and woman. A superdreadnought like the Indiana cost \$5,800,000 when built. The latest superdreadnoughts cost at least \$40,000,000, which amount of money could be used in building more schools and supplying more and better teachers, or at least in some good purpose. Every day inventions are being made, the use of which will help us to kill off our brother, such as huge bombs which have increased in size from about a foot in length to a bomb ten feet in length and carrying an explosive charge of one ton. During the last war, whole communities were obliged to carry gas masks at all times. In the next war, innumerable men, women, and children may be obliged to wear not only gas masks, but gas-proof suits covering the entire body, as a protection against the new cell-killing gases that have been invented. Another device for the win-

ning of the next war will be that of the bomb-carrying aeroplane—a war of aeroplanes loaded with gas shells. The new warfare will not only strike at armies but at the heart of the matter—peoples. The aeroplanes will drop down tons of small bombs which release burning phosphorous, which flame cannot be extinguished by water.

As to the expense of the next war no one can estimate. The cost of all warfare from 1793, when the Napoleonic Wars began, to 1910 was about 23 billions, whereas the World War alone cost 186 billions. The money the World War cost for a single hour during the last year of fighting would have built ten high schools costing one million dollars each. The money it cost for a single day would build in each of the forty-eight states two hospitals costing \$500,000 each; two \$1,000,000 high schools in each state; 300 recreation centers with gymnasiums and swimming pools costing \$300,000 each; and there would be left \$6,000,000 to promote industrial education.

\$240,000,000 was the total cost per day for all countries. This includes only direct costs, not the destruction of civil property. What will the next war cost?

This is not the only striking story of the World War. The war's toll of men was a more dreadful story. Of the more than

50,000,000 men called to arms from the occupations of peace, nearly every other man was either killed or wounded. 20,000,000 were wounded or taken prisoners, while 13,000,000 poor souls gave their lives. How many souls will perish in the next war?

What should be our American attitude toward military preparation? The average practical American will perhaps say that if war has grown so deadly, it is all the more reason why we should prepare to defend ourselves. Without defence, we stand in peril of general extinction; with defence, we may avert war at least for a time, may soften the blow when it comes. Let us prepare then, says the American citizen, not for conquest, or "fulfilment of national aspirations," but for defence. The money appropriated by the United States for military preparedness has been much more after the war than before the war, in fact about five times as much. For the last few years over ninety per cent of the governmental tax has gone to military purposes and only a very small amount for the betterment of education and relief work.

War seems deeply rooted in human institutions. It is very easy to stir up hate and so hard to create understandings. Can we not eliminate war? This remains to be solved.

JOHN ANDERSON, '25.

Books

The gayest looking books, sometimes,
Are not the best one reads;
For oft in garb of sober hue
Are tales of knightly deeds.
Arithmetics are often bound
In red so bright and gay;
"Tom Sawyer," though, and books like
that
Are sometimes dressed in gray.

In vivid blues the spellers come,
And songs wear brown and black.
Oh! why must covers be alike,
The same for front and back?

I'd like to print some books myself;
I'd have the covers show
The proper tints, so at a glance,
What books were what, you'd know.

DOROTHY THOMPSON, '26.

Dialogue Between a Housewife and a Book Agent

Time of Dialogue—Monday morning, with the weekly washing in progress.

Book Agent—"Good-morning—ah—er—Mrs. Brown?"

Housewife—"No. This is Mrs. Jones."

B. A.—"Well now, Mrs. Jones, I suppose that's your little boy playing ball. Smart little chap isn't he?"

Mrs. J.—"Oh yes, he was on the first honor roll last term."

B. A.—"Aha! I thought so. Now our house has made an investigation, and do you know, we find that it is books—books in the home—which help the student of to-day more than anything else?"

Mrs. J.—"Yes, I suppose they do."

B. A.—"Now I have here a set of Encyclopedias and we guarantee that the student can find the answer to any question he may be asked. They are worth twice as much, but we are letting you have them for fifty dollars."

Mrs. J.—"But we already have a set of Thompson's Histories."

B. A.—"Histories—what are they? A mere nothing. Why, you can find more knowledge in one of these Encyclopedias than you can find in the whole set of histories."

Mrs. J.—"But I'm afraid my husband would object."

B. A.—"Well, I'll tell you. We don't usually, but I'll let you have them and then if he doesn't want them, I'll come again to-morrow and you can have your money refunded."

Mrs. J.—"Er—but really, I'm afraid I cannot afford them."

B. A.—"Oh, that's easily fixed. You pay me ten dollars now, and then one dollar a week until the balance is paid"—but he was talking to air now, for the door had been banged shut!

JULIA CONNOLLY, '25.

Algy Gets Enough

IN the first place, John Algernon Winthrop had been forbidden to play with the cobbler's boy. In the second place, he had no business playing leapfrog on the front lawn when he knew his father was due to pass by at any moment.

John Algernon went to bed that night with an empty stomach, empty except for the cookies that he had stolen when his mother had gone for the birch limb. So, with a relatively empty stomach and a sore spot on his body, John Algernon lay awake plotting all sorts of dire punishment upon his parents, to befall after he had run away and become chief of police.

His vengeful thoughts were interrupted

by a tap on the windowpane. John Algernon promptly sat up and listened—another tap. With a silence and swiftness that would have been a credit to Nick Carter himself, John Algernon got out of bed and tiptoed across the room.

He opened the window softly and emitted a sharp "T-ss-ss." From the darkness far below, came an answering "T-ss-ss."

It was a warm summer night and John Algernon did not see any need of dressing: so, attired only in a flopping nightgown, he rescued a rope from under a pile of fire engines in his closet. Tying this to the bed post and letting the end of it trail

out the window, he made his nocturnal departure.

As his groping feet touched firm ground, another white-clad form emerged from the shadows. A muffled voice broke the stillness.

"Lo, Algy. D' yer git licked?"

"Lo, Sam. Yeh," answered John Algernon, the cultured boy. "It hurt like time, too," he added ruefully, rubbing the hurt spot. "What you laffin' at?" This last in a suspicious, truculent voice.

"Nothin'," answered the cobbler's boy, coughing. "C'mon, Mom left the cookies an' pie in the back hall."

Although Sam's face twitched and quirked, and Algy seemed on the point of forcing a crisis, the journey to the farmer's home was made in peace. Sam softly pushed open the back door, and the youthful burglars entered.

"They're on the sill," hissed Sam.

When the boys were halfway across the hall, John Algernon whirled swiftly. His right hand slapped against his thigh, shot upward. "Bang!" he hissed, as he crooked his index finger inward.

"Smatter?" asked Sam, impatiently.

"Got him," muttered Algy. "It wast 'Sure-Shot Slim.' He was pottin' at us from that currant bush," pointing to the ice chest.

Sam only sniffed.

They continued their stealthy progress. Each boy reached the sill at the same time, and each reached for the cookie jar at the same time, which resulted disastrously for all concerned. The jar struck the floor with a crash, and the tempers of both boys flared instantly.

"Butter fingers!" snapped Algy.

"Butter fingers yerself!" snapped back Sam.

A miniature war would surely have ensued, had not a voice from the inner

regions of the house stiffened them. It was shrill, frightened, the voice of a woman.

"You'd better take your gun, Sam: there's no tellin' what they'd do!" This was followed by a heavy tread on the stair. There was no doubt that Sam's father was coming.

By the time big Sam had entered the hall, little Sam and Algy were safely ensconced behind the currant bush, breathing softly. For a breathless moment big Sam stood blinking in the doorway. Then:

"Haw! Haw! The fool cat knocked over the cookie jar." And, still chuckling, he went back to allay the fears of Mrs. Sam and to go to bed.

"That was a close call," mumbled Algy later, his mouth full of pie.

"All your fault, too," mumbled back Sam.

"Say—"

"Aw, shet up! We ain't done yet. We've got to get even with old man Flint for sickin' his dog on us. Gosh! Don't you never get tired eatin'?"

"Didn't have no supper," grinned Algy.

"Gettin' even" with "old man" Flint was a trifle contrary to Algy's mother's ideas of culture; or it would have been, but for the watchfulness of the canine guardian of the Flint residence. Just as Sam and Algy were stealthily creeping up onto the back porch of the aforesaid residence, the deathly silence was shattered by a series of sharp barks and the patter of feet across the yard.

What the main street of Thunderbolt saw when it threw open its windows a few minutes later would have been funny, had it not been a life and death matter. Two flying figures, white coverings flopping behind them like flags on a windy day, and a yelping bull dog scarcely three

jumps behind, seemed to be the main attraction.

What made the boys turn into the main street they could never tell. But there they were, with a determined menace in their rear, and enemies on each side. It was Algy who saved the day. With a gasp he caught Sam's arm, and putting all his strength into a final spurt, he turned into an alley and cleared the fence at its end in a single leap.

When he scrambled to his feet, he found Sam still at his side. The dog was yelping on the opposite side of the fence.

"I—I lost m—my windpipe," gasped Sam, as he hobbled along. "I cuh—can't talk."

"C'mon! In these barrels, quick!" was Algy's only answer.

They were now out of sight of the alley, but they could hear people running and shouting. Without further delay they secreted themselves in two of the barrels which stood in a long row along the back of a store, and replaced the covers over them.

Although Sam and Algy fretted and fumed, it was a full hour before the town quieted down and the last of the people seemed to have given up the search. Then the two causes of the uproarious disturbance stepped forth from their hiding places. Without wasting precious time in idle conservation, each set out for his home.

They had had enough for one night.

JOSEPH MOORE, '26.

The Joy of Living

When the lark proclaims his throbbing joy
In giddy whirl and headlong dive,
And his notes like golden feathers drift,
Then ah, it's good to be alive!

When the forked lightning darts,
And the elements contend in strife,
I stand upon a hill's high brow,
And breathe a deep, "Ah, this is life!"

ELIZABETH MALONEY, '25.

The Hardships and Joys Experienced By Me

YES, I am one of many, but I have had a wide experience for one of my size. I am "Just David." My abode is the Morrill Memorial Library. It is a nice, jolly sort of place and quite luxurious considering the large number of inmates that dwell there. Each one has a limited amount of space, but we never get crowded, for we keep in such good order. This may seem somewhat surprising; nevertheless, we do it. Why, we never even talk above a whisper! Many people visit us and our home. Most of the visitors appear to enjoy our company, although there are some exceptions.

I have traveled extensively during my life, as most of us do; I have visited many people and have been taken into their homes. But in all my travels, I have not yet found a place that is more dear to me than my library home. I think it is because I've lived there since childhood.

When I'm away, I sometimes get homesick and lonesome and long for my library companions. It depends on the way my hosts and hostesses treat me. There is one thing they never do; that is, to talk to me, which is quite a pity, and is very impolite on their part. However, they must take some interest in me by

the careful way in which they look me over.

Another thing which is very annoying is that they pay not the slightest attention to me when I complain. They seem to believe that I can endure everything—heat, cold, dirt, rain, snow, sun, wind, pencil marks, and wounds and bruises of all sorts.

Several times I've thought seriously of buying myself a microphone and sending out a relief code to see if some kind-hearted creature would not come to my rescue; but those were in times of unbearable agony—such as when I was left all night in the company of a saucy Chinaman, who blew smoke in my face for an hour or so and then laughed at me with his mouth wide open, until at last morning came and a thoughtful maid carried me to a different room. And another time I was left on the pantry shelf and a bag of Spanish onions sat on me. I was heartily resentful of this, even if 'twas only for one afternoon; and when the woman came after me, I dropped myself on the floor just to make her bend over to pick me up again. It hurt, but just the same I felt more satisfied.

People always tire of me at the end of two weeks. They never pay me for my services if they don't keep me longer than that. It's very discouraging; but all my companions have to go through the same circumstances. I suppose we aren't so aristocratic as the glass-door books, but I know there is a book whose name is exactly the same as mine and he

lives behind glass doors, for my next door neighbor said she saw him while on a visit and at first she thought it was I.

The most romantic of my experiences occurred about a month ago, while I was visiting a rich boy. I was left outside some glass doors behind which lived the aristocratic set. They fairly turned up their noses in disgust when they saw me. I was lying on my back looking up at them. I noticed one very attractive young book with a red cover and gilt edges by the name of "Polly-Anna." I was immediately impressed by her. She was less sophisticated than the rest and condescended to speak to me, inquiring who I was and how I happened to be there.

I told her my whole story—how I had longed to live behind glass doors and experience that select and egotistical feeling. "You wouldn't like it if you had always lived here," she said. "It is close, stuffy and dull. I never see anything of the world and its people except what I see through the east window." I was forced to bid her a hurried good-bye as the boy picked me up and started for the garage with me.

The fact that I came home in style made no difference to me. For the first time I felt the pangs of remorse tearing at my heart, on returning to my childhood home.

Alas, the gilt-edged "She" remains but a fading picture in my memory.

VILLA JACKMAN, '27.



Sally and Me

YOU see it happened like this:

Sally was bound and determined to get her hair cut. You know Sally is my wife, a very good wife too, even if her determination does run away with her sometimes. Well, as I was saying, Sally had her mind set on getting her hair bobbed. She insisted that all the really smart women of our set had had their hair bobbed and shingled. Any way she was dreadfully tired of combing her raven locks each morning, and at various times during the day.

You can imagine how I felt about this problem, you readers who are husbands. It positively left me mute.

Sally is decidedly not small in proportion, in fact she is really quite a bit taller than I, and when she is angry, sad, or determined, she seems fairly to tower over me. Sally is a good wife, as I have mentioned before, and it is I who know that good wives are few and far between.

One Sunday afternoon I was sitting in the parlor of our apartment, enjoying a good cigar which I had treated myself to. I was placidly reading the Sunday comic sheet, when Sally presented herself before me. That sixth sense of mine told me a great calamity was about to befall.

I sat there in my chair eyeing Sally over my spectacles, and was chewing the butt end of my cigar in desperation because, as I have told you, I scented something in the wind. Whenever my sixth sense works, I positively know something is about to happen.

Sally confronted me in a surly, bold manner, saying, "John Henry, I'm going to get my hair bobbed and shingled tomorrow. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Sally," I said meekly. I've found from past experience that it pays to be meek in some circumstances.

I looked at Sally for a moment, studying her stout features, and I was just going to tell her that I thought it would not suit her, when I noticed her hands were on her hips. When ever I see Sally's hands on her hips, it is like a danger sign on a railroad track giving warning of the approaching locomotive. I shrank back into my shell of silence again.

"Well!" she said, "you look as if you might have something to say."

"No, no, Sally," I stammered. "I think not, at least not now."

"If you've anything to say, John Henry, then you say it now!" she roared.

That roar was like a red cloth being waved before a mad bull. Something seemed to snap within my brain, something that brought with it a new courage that I had never experienced before (and believe me never will again if I can help it!).

I jumped to my feet with such a crash that I frightened myself. I cast the comic sheet dramatically aside; clenching my cigar firmly in my teeth, I stood and orated. "Sally, as long as you are a wife of mine your hair shall never be ruined by scissors!"

I was breathing deeply from my passionate outburst, my hands clenched by my sides, in a mad endeavor to keep them from trembling, for truly I had never braved Sally before in all my life.

Sally and I stood there face to face, Sally's mouth open in astonishment, and her eyes fairly bulging from their sockets. Suddenly I saw her stiffen, her eyes grow narrow with an uncanny gleam, and her fist clenched, so that her attitude was not unlike that of a pugilist. Sally seemed to grow enormous, and it was then I realized my mistake: but alas it was too late.

Before I could say "Jack Robinson," Sally had grabbed me by the scruff of the neck; and before you could turn around twice, Sally and I were in one of our battles.

I felt my eyes growing dim while I tried to ward off the blows that rained on my head, cheeks, in fact on every part of my anatomy.

Gradually I felt one eye lose its sight, and then slowly my other eye became almost as bad. With what sight Sally had left to me, I saw our favorite vase of flowers flying through the air at me. I had just enough remaining strength to duck it. I heard it crash against the

wall and I shuddered with the thought of what might have happened to me.

I think I must have sunk into oblivion, for I did not feel myself being transported to the hospital.

Now let me give you a word of warning, fellows, you who have wives, or prospects of wives—never stand up and argue with your wife if she is bigger than you are.

As I have said, Sally is a good wife, and deserves all she gets. But never again will I confront her when she is in a determined state of mind.

EDITH MACREADY, '25

The Wreck of a Henry Ford

It was a flier, old and worn,
That turned the country road,
And the rattle from its ancient hulk
Was as good as a funeral ode.

Black was its body, as dull as could be;
Its horn, like the sign of a fog;
And the wheels were just as wobbly
As a balancer on a log.

The driver sat before the wheel,
His pipe between his teeth,
And he quaked as the balking car did
dart
Tempestuously down the street.

Then up and spake his ancient wife,
Who had ridden a flier before:
"Come on, now; stop this worn-out craft,
For I'm lame and sadly sore.

"Last night I swore I'd ride no more,
For we're bound to land in a tree!"
The driver he blew a whiff from his pipe
And a scornful laugh, laughed he.

Colder and louder came the words,
A gale from the back seat,
And blows began to fall on his head
Till he landed in the street.

The flier struck where the telegraph pole
Stood as harmless as a preacher;
But the cruel pole, it hit her side
Like a call-down from a teacher.

Her rattling windshield all smashed in,
The hoods where the lights ought to lie,
Like a vessel of glass, she shivered and
cracked.
"Ho, Ho!" came the old pole's cry.

At daybreak, on the dusty road,
A farmer's blood ran cold
To see the form of an ancient wife
Lashed to a telegraph pole.

Such was the wreck of a Henry Ford
And a wife—poor ancient soul!
Heav'n save us all from a death like this,
Against a telegraph pole!

ANNA HIGGINS, '25.

A Tale With a Moral

I met her in a ballroom,
She got me with her eyes;
Her hair was like the sunset,
And she was just my size.

I took her out to dinner,
And spent 'most all my "dough";
She "cleaned" me out completely,
Till I didn't know where to go.

She tossed me in the roadside
For one who gave her more.
I had been another victim
To her charming ways of lure.

And as my tale is ending,
I advise you as a friend,
To keep away from women,
Or they'll break you in the end.

IRVING FIREMAN, '25.

Blokcs

The blokcs looking out of the window—
The blokcs looking out of the door—
The blokcs looking up at the ceiling—
These blokcs won't get marked any more.

These blokcs'll leave school 'fore they're
Juniors;
They'll go to work for the town;
They'll be lugging dirt in tip carts,
But they'll wish on books they'd glanced
down.

There are other blokcs who do study
And worry their heads every night
Over how to make X equal Y
And still get their algebra right.

But these blokcs are hopeless as athletes,
And useless as useless can be,
When it comes to managing teachers
And getting an "A" for an "E."

HENRY M. NEWMAN, '26.

The Reformation of "Slippery Joe"

"**F**IRE! Fire!" Oh, how wierdly the cry rang out! All of the three hundred souls on board the steamship "Portland Belle," five hundred miles out to sea, were filled with dread. The sound rang out from every throat and immediately ensued a panic that threatened, for a time, to end in a serious way.

Among the members of the crew of the unfortunate steamer was a man known the world over as "Slippery Joe." He was shipping as a member of the crew to escape detection from the officials of the city of London, whom he knew to be searching from him in connection with

his latest escapade—the killing of a Scotland Yard detective.

He trembled with fear. The man who could face ten detectives, escape, and then call it a lark was afraid, for the first time in his life. Life certainly did look sweet to him just then, when his chances of living were not even fifty-fifty. He would have given his arm if he could have been on land, keeping a squad of officers at bay, rather than facing death by fire or water. "Ah," he thought, "if only I can live I swear to the Almighty that I will go straight from now on." This was a solemn vow, made on the spur

of the moment. Would it stand the test of years! The answer we shall see in the events to follow.

Every physically able man on the ship was recruited for a fire-fighting force and with one hundred men in line the fire was finally subdued, but not until they had fought for hours under a blazing sun without any rest.

However, the ship's wireless was destroyed, the engines had been disabled, and, with nothing in the way of motive power, the ship drifted helplessly. All through the night they went without sighting a ship. The suffering on board was intense. Five men had died and several were severely burned.

The morning sun dawned on the helpless ship swinging idly on the ocean. As far as the eye could see there was nothing but a vast expanse of sparkling blue water. At last, as the morning slowly passed, a ship was sighted. With difficulty it was hailed and all passengers on board the stricken steamer were transferred. The burned ship was towed behind and some days later they steamed into New York Harbor.

"Slippery Joe" had not been recognized owing to the grime and burns on his person, and as soon as he reached New York he disappeared. He was never again seen by his fellow passengers—as "Slippery Joe." The police of London are still searching for him and only a chosen few know this story that I am telling you.

Some years later a man of perhaps thirty-five years of age, clean shaven, and very neat in appearance, stepped out of an office in the city of Salmon, Oregon, an office that on close inspection could be seen to bear the inscription:

MAYOR'S OFFICE

Private

He walked briskly and finally reached his destination, a banquet hall. He was to address a company of Rotarians on the subject, "Crime." He was well fitted to talk on this matter, being a recognized authority on the subject, and he had done much to stamp out crime in his own city. He was greeted with exclamations of delight and good-will on all sides. Perhaps you do not recognize him but let us reflect for a moment.

It was dark. A tall figure crept stealthily down the gang-plank of the steamer "Portland Belle," which was tied up at a wharf in New York Harbor. It was the same person who on board had sworn that if he was saved he would go straight. He had escaped notice altogether as he made his way from the steamer and he effected a clean get-away. He chuckled with keen satisfaction at the thought of how he had outwitted the officials in getting^e leave to disembark at such a strange hour.

He went immediately to the Grand Central Station and took a train for the far West. He had no plans except that of keeping the vow which he had made—the resolve to go straight. He finally reached a favorable town and decided to settle there permanently. He rose steadily in the opinion of his fellow citizens and was, at last, elected mayor.

We find him, thus, as he is about to address the gathering, a prominent mayor of a prominent city, beloved by all his friends and associates. His vow had stood the test of years.

WILBUR C. FAY, '27.



His Inheritance

JAMES HOWE trudged up the last hill leading to his estate with a valise in either hand and a look on his handsome face that was anything but agreeable. In answer to his impatient knock a stately butler opened the door and ushered him into a dreary looking library. Evidently the butler was expecting the young man, and evidently he understood the predicament in which the young man found himself, for a smile almost of amusement crossed his face.

"Mr. James Howe, I presume," said he after giving the younger man a close survey.

"Yes, I answer to that name, but I almost wish I didn't. Why in Sam Hill did that consarned grandfather of mine—?"

He was interrupted by a shocked "Hush," from the butler. "Hush, you must not speak so when your poor grandfather is dead and has left you this fine estate."

Was this said in a shocked tone, or was it sarcasm that made his voice ring so queerly? James wondered—

As the butler turned to leave the room he said, "My name is Josiah, sir, and I hope we shall get along nicely together. I will do anything I can for your comfort." After the door had closed behind him, James noticed vaguely the rhythm of the footsteps retreating to the kitchen. It was trudge—trudge—trudge in almost a sing-song rhythm and each step seemed to say, "Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha."

James threw himself into a chair with a sigh of disgust and with an uneasy feeling creeping through him.

Why, he wondered, had his grandfather, whom he had never seen, left him this estate and all his money on one condition? Why did that one condition state that he live on a deserted, dreary old estate

alone with his late grandfather's butler for one year before collecting the countless thousands of dollars he had left?

James smiled to himself. Really, the situation was humorous. He, James Howe, known in Paris and New York as the careless spendthrift, the dare-devil, the good sport, caged up in a deserted house for one year with a butler of whom he already had his opinion!

He recollected how Larry and all the gang had laughed when he told them about it. To him it was no laughing matter, however. He had expected his grandfather to die soon and, knowing that he was his only heir, he had expected to keep on carelessly spending his grandfather's money after his income left by his parents had run out. One thing he had not foreseen was a condition. However, here he was and here he must stay alone for one long year, unless in the meantime—and James Howe thought he might make the best of it. He arose and decided to explore the house.

At dinner he remarked to the butler, who strangely enough dined with him, that the house was all right but it certainly was dead-looking. After Josiah had served the champagne and confided to him that there was plenty of it in the cellar, James began to see one consolation in the old place anyway. If only Larry and the others could take one smell of the beverage, they would envy him his year of solitude.

That night James retired early. Among some of the peculiarities of the house was the fact that there were no lighting conveniences except candles. James bravely lit his candle and went down an immense corridor to the last door, undressed himself, got into bed and finally succeeded in getting to sleep.

In the middle of the night he was awakened at what he thought sounded like trudge—trudge—trudge. Was it only his imagination or were his nerves getting the better of him? Where had he heard that steady trudge—trudge—trudge before? Then he remembered. It was that confounded butler; but what in the name of Sam Hill was he doing walking around in the middle of the night? James' already suspicious nature was awakened to anger. Lighting his candle, he went quickly down stairs where he found everything where he had left it. Now he thought he had been only dreaming and it must have been the stillness of the night that had made him notice the butler's footsteps. However, he decided to satisfy his curiosity; so, ascending the stairs, he tiptoed to Josiah's room. The old man was snoring slightly and evidently dreaming about something humorous because the sarcastic smile that James hated was stamped on his features.

James entered his room satisfied that Josiah was not guilty of the trudge—trudge—trudge; but he did not like that smile. As he fell asleep once more, he imagined he saw Josiah leaning over him, keeping time to the sturdy trudge—trudge—trudge of his feet and saying "Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha."

The next morning Josiah had breakfast ready for James when he awoke. He dressed and appeared at the table at seven. He thought how Larry and the others would laugh if he told them that he had retired at eight and had actually turned out for breakfast at seven. The thought made him smile. As Josiah went into the kitchen for the coffee James noticed once more the trudge—trudge—trudge of his footsteps and noticed also that when he appeared again he had his little complacent smile

spread over his face. Evidently Josiah was pleased with himself.

James received a letter from the club that day. They were showing their sympathy by sending him one year's subscription to the *New York Times*. Sympathy indeed—to let him know what they were doing when he was tied up in this forsaken place!

That night he transferred Josiah to the room next to his. He told him that he felt more comfortable with him nearer. The night passed without any sort of disturbance and James slept peacefully. The next day he told Josiah that he might return to his own room if he so desired. Josiah said that it made no difference to him; so he remained in the adjoining room for the rest of the month.

A month passed in peace and solitude. James amused himself by reading some of his grandfather's books and helping Josiah in the kitchen. Having studied art in his college days, he started to paint a portrait of the butler.

One night just before the portrait was finished James was awakened by a feeling that something was going on in the house. That night Josiah had gone back to his room on the top floor. James, listening intently, heard the familiar trudge. Was Josiah downstairs for something, or was he dreaming again? As he listened, he heard another noise beside the usual trudge—trudge—trudge. Getting out of bed, he donned his dressing gown and went slowly downstairs. In the library were two men who were evidently making no attempt at theft, for they were working over something.

James walked calmly into the room, his little automatic in his hand. "Good evening, gentlemen," he remarked coolly. In a moment the two men were on their way to the window. James pulled the trigger of his automatic, but there was no

report. Somebody had trifled with it! Just then Josiah hurried into the room clad in a long white nightgown and a cap which at any other time would have appeared humorous.

James told the occurrence to the butler who said, "Never mind that, sir; I am often disturbed by prowlers; we'll talk it over in the morning." With this, he smiled slightly and went up stairs. James sank into a chair and stayed there for the rest of the night. As he sat there he heard the trudge—trudge—trudge of Josiah's retiring footsteps as he walked, and he imagined he heard him saying, "Ha-ha, ha-ha, ha-ha."

At daybreak Josiah descended once more and found James sitting in the same position. As James' eyes flitted over the room, they fell on the portrait of Josiah. The intruders had painted Josiah's perpetual smile on the likeness. This was too much. Why had some one entered his house for that reason? Josiah's eyes, following his, noticed it also. He laughed long and loudly. "Are you planning to stay the rest of the year?" he asked.

James arose. "Confound you! Yes. I'll stick it out now if it kills me."

At this moment Josiah did a funny thing. He removed his hair from his head and a few artificial lines from his

face and said, "Jim, old boy you're a man."

"Larry!"

"Yes, I'm Larry. You see, old top, being your attorney, I received the news of your grandfather's death before you did. We boys thought it would be a fine joke on you to add a condition, and add a condition we did. We all hated to see you throw away your life foolishly and we thought a couple of months of solitude would do you good, and you were willing to stick it out for a year."

"But why?" interrupted James.

"Oh, I understand your doubts," said Larry. "I used to come down here nights and parade around. Then I'd use some backstairs, which I'll show you later to get back to my room. It was quite simple although I thought of your searching the library in the middle of the night. I wanted to laugh. I do think I grinned much too often. One night the boys came up to help you along with your portrait and you sent them away with your dangerous revolver."

Here Larry laughed again.

James looked up at Larry in a stupefied manner and Larry hastened to make coffee. This time the trudge of Larry's footsteps was lighter and his smile a vigorous, "Ha, ha! Ha, ha!"

E. H. STONE, '26.

A Spring Dirge

When bird and bee and flower and tree
Put forth their best endeavors,
And when the lady of the house
Is busy with slip-covers,
We know 'tis spring, but dare we sing
With springtime's gladsome meaning,
While mop and pail our minds assail
With that old bugbear "Cleaning?"

"In days of old, when knights were bold,"
They never heard of germs;
Nor did ladies fair, with powdered hair,
Think of Spring in cleaning "terms."
Now we snatch our fare from desk or
chair,
And our tea sometimes needs screening.
Oh! for wings to fly to the days gone by,
Ere they knew aught of "Spring Cleaning."

TERESA WELCH, '25.

Are We Ready for Our Cue?

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely
players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many
parts,
His acts being seven ages."

William Shakespeare.

THIS world—a stage! The men and women merely players! Why should he whose works are more immortal than any others call our vast world a "stage" and all of us human beings "merely players"? Is it that our world has only three walls—that there is nothing complete in the entire setting, that we can see only the part that faces us and not the part which is in back? Is it that? *Has* our world three walls or, rather, has it any? When you are out roaming in the woods or in the fields, when you are out on the blue waters of some lake or the turbulent waters of the sea, does it seem to you then as though there were walls to the earth—walls which would have to be penetrated by some massive gate or heavy knocked door, whatever the setting might be? To me, it seems as though there were no walls at all—there is just the enormous floor of the earth.

There is no ceiling—the so-called sky is not a solid, a foundation for another floor; it is nothing but space. Space—"ad infinitum." A stage has three walls, a floor and a ceiling. Why should the two things—the world and the stage—be compared with another? Shakespeare undoubtedly had a definite picture in his mind's eye when he made this comparison, which is not literal, but figurative. He does not say that any part or any particular section of the world's a stage by

selecting the city as an example of a setting for our life's play, but instead of that he says, "*All the world's a stage.*" He does not say that the people of wealth and the people of high social standing alone and not the poor people are the actors and actresses in this "*Play of Life.*" Instead of that he says, "*All the men and women merely players.*" One is not above the other—all are created equal. From childhood to old age he enumerates all the seven various parts, character or straight, which one single person plays. It does not seem as though the young innocent baby is playing a part in the "*Drama of Life*" when he cannot even talk, but more than once, even in our present-day happenings, does the baby play the important part. Practically the world over are the same sentiments expressed about the importance of some babies who are more fortunate than others. The Coach of the "*Drama of Life*" selects some men to play a prominent part throughout his worldly travels, while He chooses others to have just one outstanding part—perhaps the part of the soldier or perhaps the part of the justice.

The "*Play*" itself is written long before we know or understood about it; but unlike actual plays which we see being acted by people who are substituting for those about whom the play was written,—unlike these worldly plays, not an actor nor an actress in this "*Drama of Life*" can say that he or she doesn't like the part which the Coach has assigned. They must learn that nothing is gained by envying neighbors, friends or other people who perhaps are, at the time, playing *their* most important part in the "*Drama.*" Mayhap, if the Coach sees fit, He will later give the envious the

very prominence which he desires—but not before the specified time in the Author's copy of the "Drama of Life."

The question now comes as to how the players themselves know when and where to come in for their own especial speech or action. In the plays of the world there are boys who are hired to go around to the many doors of the dressing rooms at the back of the stage and who, at the right time, are supposed to say—"Ten minutes more"—"eight minutes more for you, Miss"—whatever the situation might be. That is the first cue which the actor or actress receives when he or she is playing at any public performance. In the actual performance of our "Life" do we, as actors and actresses get any first cue? Does our Coach have a certain person go around among us and say, "Your time is come! Be ready! *Know your part thoroughly!*" Is there any truth in the forecast and prophecies which are made by the gypsy fortune-tellers and the so-called clairvoyants who are at every circus and in every gypsy tribe? How can they, earthly creatures as we are, tell what is going to happen to other earthly creatures when the Coach alone knows the "Drama of Life"? And why is it that others *believe* what they say? Probably these believers have not had their part to play: most likely they are not hardened to the deceptions of public life; so they listen eagerly to what these fakers say and some even go so far as to believe that these prophecies are their own particular cue. If they are told that in a month they will meet a dark-complexioned stranger with whom

they will have some sort of dealing—some believe that the very first dark-complexioned stranger which they meet on the specified day is the one referred to by the forecaster. It is their cue to act, whether wisely or not. And yet, more and more people go on believing in these fakers—believing that they, they above anyone else, can tell them when and where to come onto the stage in the important part of their life. Let them believe it, if they wish, but some of us know better and we have the strongest faith that our Coach will never forget any of His players—always they shall receive their cues, never too early, never too late to prepare for their appearance.

All of us, in some way or other, have looked ahead into the future and have tried to visualize what we see there for us and perhaps we have seen something there which we now eagerly anticipate. Some of us may have seen a brilliant goal—something worth striving for, a part which is perfectly suited, a part which must be known thoroughly if one is to make it a success. Some may have seen their parts in shining lights, emblazoned on the background of the "Drama of Life"—"all the world." But—are we ready for our cue? Are we prepared for our appearances? Undoubtedly, all of us *have* worked, and except for those who have already played their parts, shall continue to work with our aim in view. Are we working hard enough?—"Are we ready for our cue?"

Alice Pratt, '25.

A Trip That Didn't Prove Tiresome

I WAS travelling alone from Boston to New York one night a few years ago. My trip was started with fine weather and

no fog or wind. When I went to my stateroom, I did a funny thing, a thing I had never done before, and that was,

to read the instructions about the life belts. Having time to spare, I got them out to have a look, and left them out.

I must have had a presentiment that something was going to happen because I put my clothes on the chair just as I would need them in the morning, which is unusual because I am very untidy with my belongings.

When I got into my berth I couldn't sleep because of the incessant noise of the engine right below me. It must have been about half-past twelve when I was surprised to hear the fog signal blowing. It blew for about five minutes and then another ship answered. I was alarmed at first because I had been in a collision at sea before and I didn't want to repeat the experience.

I began to wonder then, but I reasoned that all must be well because the other ship was answering. After about two minutes' signalling between our ship and the other, the engine suddenly stopped. I seemed to sense that something was wrong, when suddenly there was a sharp scream from the dancers on the upper deck and then a quick, cleaving sound. I must have braced myself, because I was not thrown from my berth.

Quickly putting on my coat, I rushed out and leaned over the rail. I saw a great hole in the side of the ship and knew that it couldn't stay up. An officer came along just then and ordered the people back to their berths, telling them that nothing was wrong. This I suppose was to prevent a panic. I went to him and told him I had seen the hole and, seeing I had control of my senses, he told me not to mention it to anyone and to go and dress. This I did and came onto the deck again. Needless to say, everyone thought I was foolish.

After a long delay, the orders came to

go to the boat deck. By this time the boat had sunk so far that the lights were out. There was a big crowd here and the officers were trying to get the women into the boats. It was very awful in the total darkness. My turn was just coming when another order came to go to the other side. By the time I got there, the boat had sunk so far that it was like stepping from one room to another to get into the boats.

I guess the boat I was in was the last one off because in the confusion I heard a man shout, "We're going anyway," and with that three men jumped into the boat on top of us. Someone yelled, "Cast off," and in trying to do so we found that the boat was tied to the steamer with an inch and a half cable and none of the crew were in the boat. One of the men who had jumped in had a dull penknife and sawed it until he finally cut us loose. It was lucky he jumped in.

The barge which had collided with us was not damaged and the lifeboats went to the side. The people were somewhat anxious here to get onto a larger boat. During the process of boarding the barge I was in three lifeboats, the last one being full of water.

We waited on the barge, sitting on our life-belts for want of anything else, until another steamer picked us up. The people on the steamer were very nice to us, giving up their staterooms and lending clothes.

Soon after, I arrived in New York and telegraphed home. I had quite an experience and I will say for the passengers that I have never seen a more orderly and sensible crowd of people, where there might have easily been a panic.

A. L. FRENCH, '26.

A Tale of Two Cities

THE author of "A Tale of Two Cities" must have had a most remarkable mind to be able to put forth such a fascinating narrative. Well chosen titles for the chapters, likeness to real life, suitable characters, humor, sarcasm, description, suspense, and the ending of the story directly after the climax, characteristics all of a really good story, are to be found in "A Tale of Two Cities."

Dickens very cleverly divides the narrative into three different parts: "Book the First," "Book the Second," and "Book the Third." One might perhaps refer to "A Tale of Two Cities" as a play. These books would then be the acts, and the chapters the scenes. The titles for these are very suitably chosen. Take for instance "Book the First—Recalled to Life" which is based on the return of Dr. Manette to health and civilization. The chapters are also well named. In "Book the First" the chapter "Night Shadows" tells of Mr. Lorry's meditations on Doctor Manette's life while Mr. Lorry was riding in a coach on the road to Dover. Equally well named is the chapter of "Two Promises" which is based on the promises of Doctor Manette and Charles Darnay to each other concerning Lucie's welfare.

Dickens' suitably chosen characters add a great deal to the likeness to real life. Does not Doctor Manette act as a most loving and true father? Does not Lucie seem to be as true a daughter and wife as any one is capable of being? Who could prove to be a more sincere and generous friend than Sydney Carton? We are also shown the full force of hatred and lack of pity in the character of Madame Defarge. The starving peasants and lavish lords were certainly fact—

our history books verify that statement.

Throughout the narrative we enjoy the most clever humor. For one small example, Mr. Jerry Cruncher says, "I'm a-going—as your mother knows—a-fishing. That's where I'm going to. Going a-fishing."

Young Jerry answers, "Your fishing-rod gets rayther rusty; don't it father?" Also, "'As y-o-u say,'" madame retorted correcting him, and deftly knitting an extra something into his name which boded him no good."

A most biting bit of sarcasm is found after Charles Darnay is doomed to execution: "Much influence around him has that Doctor?" murmured Madame Defarge, smiling to the Vengeance. "Save him now, my Doctor, save him!"

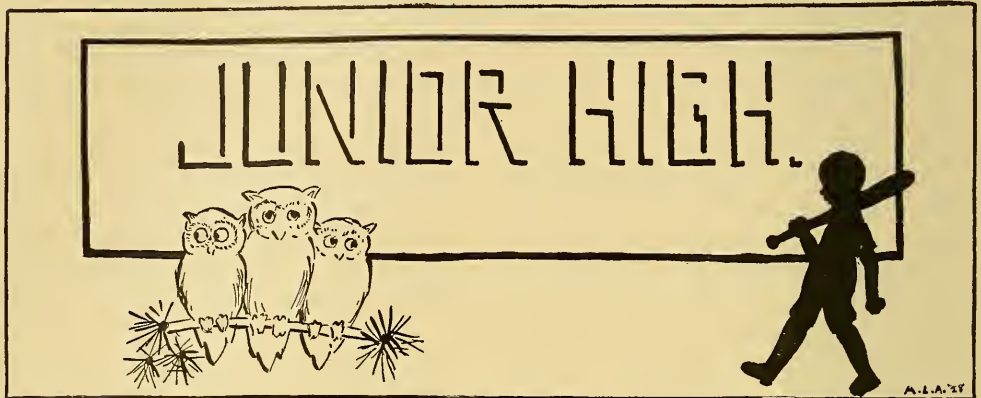
"A Tale of Two Cities" contains most vivid description. For one example we are continually reminded of Jerry Cruncher's "spiky" hair. Another bit of description: "The night wore out, and, as he stood upon the bridge listening to the water as it splashed the river-walls of the Island of Paris, where the picturesque confusion of houses and cathedral shone bright in the light of the moon, the day came coldly, looking like a dead face out of the sky. Then, the night, with the moon and the stars, turned pale and died, and for a little while it seemed as if Creation were delivered over into Death's dominion."

Dickens seems to possess a wonderful ability of keeping us in the greatest suspense. A great deal of suspense he accomplishes through the art of repetition. He succeeds wonderfully in holding us in doubt about the fate of Sydney Carton by interrupting the story with the agonizing escape of the Darnays.

As the narrative nears the climax, all the minor incidents are fully understood. Then after the climax is reached, a few short paragraphs conclude the story.

Altogether, "A Tale of Two Cities" is one of the most fascinating narratives I have ever read.

RUTH GUSTAFSON, '27.



Pansies

There are pansies white and pansies blue
And pansies that grow of different hue,
They start to bud in the early Spring,
The people from the market bring
Baskets of the little flowers
And plant them for the April showers.
In any garden fair you'll see
Pansies large and pansies wee.

JAMES COLLINS, 8B.

but then he saw some men in gray uniforms emerge from one of the tents. The men began to talk over plans for an attack on the little village where Johnny lived. Johnny knew his life would be in peril if he were caught, but he stayed and listened.

That night when the Confederates attacked the village, they were beaten off by the Union soldiers whom Johnny had warned.

CHARLES NEWMAN, 8A.

The Story of a Patriot

IT was the month of March, 1861. War had been declared on the South the month before. Johnny McGraw's father and two big brothers had enlisted with the Northerners. Johnny was only fifteen and could not go to war. He had to stay at home and take care of his mother.

One day when Johnny was out hunting, he came upon a cleared place in the middle of the woods. At first Johnny thought it was one of the Union camps,

To the Pink Lady's-Slipper

In lonely places you abound
And only by a few are found.
In Spring thru piney banks you burst,
And among the flowers you are the first.

Oh! Lady Slipper of rosy hue,
What hast thou in this world to do?
Thou shalt welcome the passer-by
And he your beauty cannot deny.

BETTY BLAIR, 8B.

Conduct in the Library

WHEN you enter the library, you should close the door softly behind you. If you wish to find something about a topic and don't know how to find it, you should ask the librarian in a polite way if she will help you. If she happens to be busy, wait quietly until she is through with what she is doing. When you have received what you wanted, go quietly to a table and sit down. Do not start to run around and make a lot of noise and disturb other people. Be as polite and courteous as possible when you are in the presence of other people and in the library. People judge you by the way you act.

LORETTA FITZGERALD, 8A.

The American Flag

The red, white and blue,
Our flag so true
Flies o'er our school
The whole year through.

We honor it,
We love it,
We salute it with joy;
We revere it,
We adore it,
Each girl and each boy.

We raise it 'bove all things
And hold it on high,
We prize it, we praise it,
As it waves in the sky.
The flag of our nation—
The best land there is—
The flag of a great land,
My country it is.

Oh, long may it live!
This emblem so true,
Our lives we would give—
For the red, white and blue.

FRANCES MALONEY, 8F.

My Dream Garden

THE garden I should like most to own is not a garden surrounding a stately mansion in the very elegant part of the town, but a garden about a wee, sedate cottage on the outskirts.

Enveloped in the penetrating sweetness of the bountiful blossoms, which remain the whole year, for my garden must be in a luxuriously warm climate, I should like to live my whole life. Sweet, dainty lilies of the valley, shy pansies, flaming nasturtiums, I should like, all mixed to look like a charming bouquet, far more beautiful than stiff, unromantic rows of flowers. Old-fashioned rustic benches set among the radiant marigolds, gay petunias, and fragrant heliotrope would be my haven of rest. A tinkling, laughing brook, shaded by those mournful, but beautiful weeping willows, must skip merrily through this ever-blossoming miniature Garden of Eden.

This is one of my favorite day dreams. Do you think you would enjoy it with me?

EDNA SUNDERLAND, 8G.

The Violet

I wandered listlessly at dawn
And I was quite surprised to see
As lovely a flower that blooms at morn,
A violet laughing at me.

EDNA SUNDERLAND, 8G.

To The Morning Glory

Morning Glory, thou art the messenger of
dawn,
Thou openest very early to greet the
birth of morn.
We know not what our joy or sorrow is
to be,
But may the morning's promise be ever
fair like thee.

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, 8G.

In Flanders Field

"In Flanders Field the poppies blow
Upon the crosses row on row."

ONE beautiful May day an elderly lady was walking in Flanders Field. She was not like many of the sonless victims searching for the graves of the dear ones they had lost, for after many weeks of searching in vain, she had found the resting-place of her beloved son.

The fresh morning air blew about her as she stood gazing thoughtfully on the crude marker. She knelt, and kissing the folds of the faded, muddy flag which was floating bravely in the breeze, she murmured in a faltering voice, "He died for you, Old Glory."

JANICE MACKENZIE, 8A.

The Violet

Oh shy little violet,
So beautiful and fair,
Hold your head high
In the breezy air.

Swaying there so gently,
In the balmy air,
Don't you love the springtime,
Lovely violet fair?

Don't you love the sunshine
And the moist rains too?
Don't you love the grasses
And skies that are so blue?

FRANCES MALONEY, 8F.

To a Violet

O fragile purple-petaled flower,
Who nods in fragrant shaded nook.
A perfumed queen, with beauty's power,
You rule your realm by the rippling
brook.

LILLIAN BEAULIEU, 8B.

The Tulip

The tulip, flaming red and gold,
The tulip, pure and white,
Thou thy sturdy petals fold
When night comes in its flight.

In your firm and radiant youth
Your sturdy petals form,
Making a chalice pure as truth,
Filled with the dew of morn.

JOSEPH O'CONNOR, 8B.

Hollyhocks

The hollyhocks, so grand and tall,
Stand close beside the garden wall,
Never look to left or right,
But stand on guard both day and night.

Some are pink, some red, some white,
With their leaves so green and bright.
Who, but Nature, could design
Anything so wondrous fine?

DORIS DEXTER, 8B.

To a Rose

Oh, rose, so sweet and dignified,
Secluded, hidden, unespied,
With thy draping dress of red
Growing in my flower bed.

Growing higher, higher, higher,
Peeping over all the brier;
Come and show yourself, dear flower,
Instead of hiding in the bow'r.

MARION MURPHY, 8B.

Fairies and Flowers

In the spring when flowers their leaves
unfold,

The story of fairies is being retold,
For if it be known, on a moonlight night,
Ten fairies dressed in colors bright
Tripped their way, o'er paths of green,
To choose amongst them a fairy queen,
And for their queen, so bright and fair,
They chose the tulip to rule them there.

MARJORIE GIFFORD, 8E.

Teacher (to pupil): "John, do you know the five great lakes?"

John: "No."

Teacher: "Well, John, you learn them tonight and tell me in the morning."

Teacher (next morning): "John, have you the five great lakes in your head yet?"

John: "No, if I did I would have water on the brain!"

Oh, Teacher!

Oh, Teacher, my pencils are broken,

My pens simply can't be found;

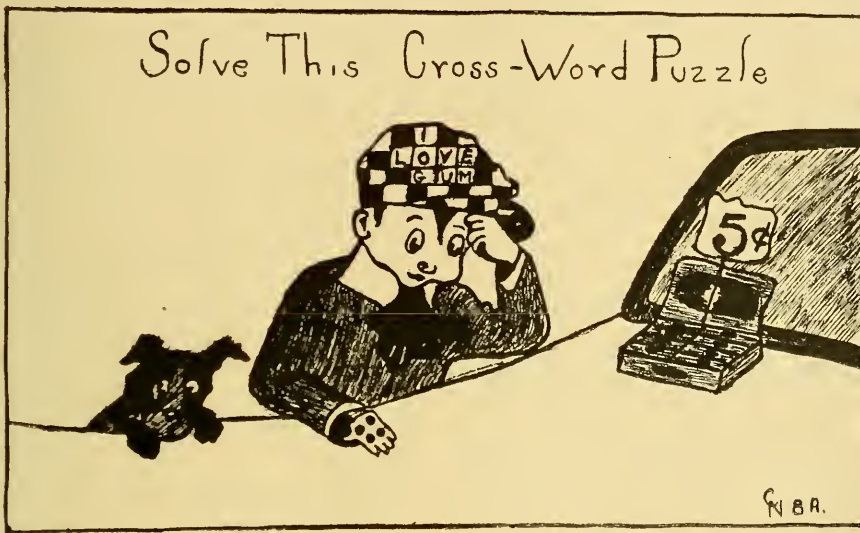
Oh, Teacher, I didn't speak to Harry,
Or even turn around.

Oh, Teacher, I've lost my notebook,

My crayons have disappeared, too,
I couldn't help it either,

Oh, I don't know what to do!

PHILIP KRAVITZ, 8B.



A Favorite Spot

LYING under majestic pine trees, I was enchanted with the beauty about me. The massive pines towered high above with bits of blue and fleecy white visible through the branches. Pine needles carpeted the ground and blue-berry bushes offered their juicy fruit to the passer-by. Birds caroled forth their joyous music from their haunts by the lake. The sun, wending its way through the sky, soon disappeared behind a wooded knoll, sending its ruddy glow over the dancing water. Finally darkness descended and silence reigned, save

for the lap of the water against the pebbly shore.

BETTY BLAIR, 8B.

The Daisy

I'm a pretty little thing,
Always coming with the spring;
In the meadow green I'm found,
Peeping just above the ground.

All the children when they pass,
Looking o'er the tender grass,
Skip about but do not tread
Upon my pretty little head.

JOSEPH DEMPSEY, 8B.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

A Letter Received by a Junior High
Pupil from a Little French Girl

Cher amie

Je suis très heureuse d'apprendre par l'intermédiaire de «L'écho de Paris» que des petits Américains demandent à correspondre avec des petites françaises. Je m'empresse de répondre à leur bonne demande en leur donnant les détails demandés.

Je me nomme Pierrette, nom bizarre qui se rattache particulièrement eut à mon caractère. Une taille moyenne, des yeux marrons, puis un minois caché sous des cheveux bruns coupés à la «Winon», un visage toujours gai. Comme caractère, je ne suis pas bileuse et je m'accorde assez bien avec mes compagnes.

Mon Père est directeur d'une usine de Carrosserie. Ma mère reste à la maison. J'ai un frère qui a 21 ans. Il est mécanicien.

Moi je vais à «l'école Supérieure des jeunes filles d'Avesnes». J'ai 14 ans. J'apprends la chimie, la physique, le chant, l'histoire, la Géographie. J'étudie les plantes. Et j'apprends aussi l'Anglais mais comme vous le voyez je ne suis pas forte.

Enfin j'aime le chant, la peinture, la gymnastique, surtout les sports et je le fais de la bicyclette. Je pense que pour vous il en sera de même.

Recevez cher Ami, en attendant une réponse sur votre vie, vos goûts, vos plaisirs, les meilleurs amitiés d'une amie.

PIERRETTE.

Le Petit Chapeau

Au présent le petit chapeau est roi. Autrefois les chapeaux aux larges bords

et aux garniture abondantes étaient très populaires. Maintenant ils sont oubliés et quand on en voit un, ce qui n'arrive que très rarement on dit, «Comme cette mode-là était ridicule.»

Aujourd'hui le simple feutre a pris la place des autres et il y a plusieurs raisons pour cette évolution de la mode de chapeaux. L'auto, les sports, et la manière de vivre ont exercé une influence puissante sur la mode et la vogue croissante des cheveux coupés a fait complet le triomphe des petits chapeaux. Ils sont pratiques et ne manquent pas d'allure. Ils sont de toutes les couleurs: les marrons, les verts pâles, les violets les mauves, les gris, et toutes les nuances des pastels.

En regardant rapidement un groupe de femmes élégantes, on aurait tout d'abord l'impression que tous les chapeaux se ressemblent, mais pas de tout! Quand on les examine, on trouve qu'aucun ne ressemble à un autre. Chaque chapeau est moulé sur la tête. On voit par exemple une femme qui porte un chapeau qui se baisse sur les yeux pour dissimuler un nez défectueux. Une autre porte un chapeau qui est relevé devant pour laisser voir un profil régulier et parfait. En général ces chapeaux ne veulent pas de garniture mais parfois un bijou ou un ruban les embellit.

Pendant l'été le feutre fera place à la paille mais seulement un peu de sa place. Toutes les pailles, cependant, seront transformés en petit chapeaux. Pour le soir le turban essaye de revenir mais ses tentatives ne sont pas couronnées d'un grand succès. Les femmes vont encore au théâtre tête nue.

NAOMI FAY, '25.

Visite Royale

L'autre jour le roi et la reine d'Angleterre ont visité Paris après une croisière sur la Méditerranée. Le but de leur séjour était de visiter le tombeau du Soldat Inconnu. Le peuple français était très appréciatif de cette visite, et ils n'oublient pas qu'en France reposent des centaines de milliers de braves fils de la Grande Bretagne.

Les Français savent que la politique n'est pas un art très sentimental mais ils réalisent qu'on y trouve quelquefois des sentiments augustes et quand les souverains rendent hommages à leurs morts ils répondent de tout coeur par un hommage égal aux héros de la Grande Bretagne.

Ces deux peuples, les Français et les Anglais, ont été toujours prodigeusement prédisposés à se quereller et à s'entendre. Ils se querellent parce qu'ils ont des tempéraments des habitudes et des intérêts divergents. Ils s'entendent parce que leur relations, dans la paix comme dans la guerre ont fini par faire d'eux des compagnons inséparables. Aussitôt qu'un grain menace ils oublient leurs querelles et se hâtent toujours à secourir l'un l'autre. La camaraderie entre les deux peuples a pris une plus grande chaleur depuis que Monsieur Baldwin et Monsieur Chamberlain sont revenus au pouvoir avec le parti conservateur, et ils regretteraient beaucoup si quelque malheur les privait de la compagnie l'un de l'autre.

ANNA WEISUL, '26.

Le Printemps

La saison que je préfère est le printemps. Les jours sont chauds et plus longs. Les hirondelles et les écoureils sont de retour et les prés sont pleins de fleurs. Les chansons des oiseaux sont joyeux après l'hiver. À la campagne les

arbres fruitiers sont en fleur et bientôt les pommes et les poires seront mûrs. Nous nous amuserons beaucoup sous les branches ombrageux.

Au printemps commencent le base balle et les autres sports, et par conséquent c'est la saison que les petits garçons aiment. Bientôt l'été sera ici et puis les vacances. Le printemps est la meilleure saison de toute l'année.

JOSEPH CONNOLLEY, '27.

La Mort de John Sargent

John Sargent, le peintre qui est mort pendant le mois d'avril était le plus fameux des portraitistes de cette époque. Ses parents étaient américains mais il est mort à Florence en 1858. Il apprit l'art de peindre auprès de Carolus Duran à Paris. A l'école Sargent peignait presque uniquement les portraits. Dès 1877 il participa avec succès dans les salons annuels de Paris.

Quand il partit pour Londres, une grande reputation le précéda, une réputation qui lui donna une place d'importance dans la société anglaise. Dans l'exposition universelle de 1889 il eut, dans la section des États Unis, une collection de portraits qui lui gagna un Grand Prix. Il parut à la Nationale avec régularité jusqu'en 1903. Il devint «à la mode» et ses portraits de famille se trouvent dans de nombreux salons. Le Luxembourg, le British Museum, et le Musée de South Kensington possèdent aussi des oeuvres de ce peintre qui fut et qui restera un des grands noms dans l'histoire de l'art.

JOHN SLATTERY, '26.

Un Viaje a Espana

No haga caso como llegamos a Nueva York y como embarcamos por España. Sin embargo, yo diré unas pocas palabras de la vida en el vapor.

Fuimos a bordo el vapor "George Washington." Ni una comodidad no faltaba. Algunas personas se mareaban, pero, en suma, la travesía era agradable. Había mucha confusión cuando el capitán nos dijo que llegabamos al puerto de Gibraltar.

La grande costa escabrosa estaba entonces enfrente de nosotros. Podíamos ver La Roca de Gibraltar y la artillería que rodeaban la fuerte, puesta aquí por los ingleses.

Cuando nosotros llegamos a tierra encontramos mendigos, buhoneros, porteros y todas clases de gente. La guarda nos aseguraron que un caballero español era siempre cortés y util a las Señoras, especialmente si ellas eran extranjeras en España. Ahora vamos a Cadiz.

Cuando llegamos a Cadiz visitabamos la catedral de La Nueva. Es una edificación muy hermosa y elaborada. Los ornamentos son de oro y de plata. Otro lugar que visitabamos fué el Convento de los Capuchinos donde hay cuadros de Murillo, el amo de pinturas religiosas de España. Quisimos más estímulo y por este razón decidimos ir a una corrida de toros. Nosotros aprendimos que antes del principio de la corrida de toros, los toros son traídos la noche anterior al combate no son dado nada que comer y son guardados en obscuridad con tal que salgan en la claridad del sol después de viente y cuatro horas de ayuno y son mas furiosos entonces que nunca. Los caballos que ellos emplean en estas ocaciones algunas veces reciben heridas graves. Hay tres cuadrillas de hombres en el circulo. Primero, son los Picadores que montan a caballo a la entrada del circulo y atraen la atención del toro cuando el viene. Llevan un pico para defenderse. La segunda cuadrillera de hombres son los Banderillos cuyo peligro es mayor. Echan estas cosas que estellan cuando

tocan las ijadas del toro y esto lo hace más furioso. El actor el más importante es el Toreador. El viene en el circulo y agita la capa roja y atrae la atención del toro. El animal, que es ahora sangriento y furioso, se adelanta cerca de él. El Toreador no puede tardar un segundo, pero el tiene que empujar su arma tan pronto que possible entre los omoplatos del toro y el animal cae a los pies del vencedor.

Después de la corrida de toros, tomabamos un tren para Sevilla. Los trenes no tienen campanas, por este razon, cuando el tren está para salir, el director de la estación toca una campana ordinaria. Los hombres fuman enfrente de las mujeres, pero son muy corteses también.

Cuando llegamos a Sevilla, nosotros visitabamos La Giralda. Es de arquitectura morisca y es muy elegante. La gente aquí es cortés y complaciente. Las mujeres son hermosas. Llevan ahora ropas negras y una mantilla blanca con un flor brillante en sus cabellos. Los hombres son altos, tienen cabellos negros y ojos negros y bigotes.

Estas cosas de que yo he hablado, me interesaron mucho pero yo no puedo quedar en España más tiempo porque yo tengo que despertarme y prepararme para la escuela.

OLGA M. ZURBA, '26.

El Espanol Debiera Ser Ensenado Tres Anos

Yo pienso que el español debiera ser enseñado tres años en nuestra escuela, por que mucho puede cumplirse en tres años. El español del primer año es una buena fundación, el español del segundo año se edifica sobre esta fundación, y entonces, ¿qué? Si no hay tres años de español, lo que uno ha aprendido, él olvida prontamente. El español del

tercer año combina el trabajo de los dos años con el estudio de la literatura española.

Muchos alumnos no son tan afortunados como ir mas lejos que la escuela superior y estan incapaces de hacer un estudio más avanzado de esta lengua.

Los colegios exigen dos años de una idioma, pero yo no pienso que por este razón no necesitamos un curso de tres años. El francés se enseña tres años y, así, ¿porqué no el español? Ciertamente el español es tan importante, porque Los Estados Unidos comercian con América del Sur.

Acaso el dinero es la causa principal para no tener tres años de este asunto, pero cuando uno realiza las oportunidades que este otro año de español da a varios alumnos, yo pienso que el sujeto de un curso de tres años debiera ser dado mucho pensamiento diligente.

En los años futuros yo supongo que el español se enseñará por tres años en las escuelas superiores, pero yo pienso que ahora es la hora de establecerlo.

Pero, ¿Qué podemos nosotros hacer?

Nada, sino hablar de este curso que nosotros no estudiamos.

FLORENCE E. BLASENAK, '26.

La Primavera

Las nubladas blandas estan flotando a
traves del cielo,

Las motacilas están modulando lejos y
cerca

Mientras los pechirojos están cantando
serenamente alto

La alondra canta libre y claro.

Mizitas sauces están agitando,

En las brisas suaves,

Mientras las flores están diciendo

"Hagame el favor de decirme si la primavera ha venido?"

Si, la primavera ha venido queridas
flores,

No puede usted oir las motacilas cantar?"

Venga, Oh, venga, desde sus habitaciones
ocultados

Y haga hermosa la primavera feliz.

DOROTHY W. THOMPSON, '26.

Mary Wolfe, translating Vergil: "She gave feasts to the banquets."

* * *

SCHLESWIG?

Miss Griffin (in History, explaining pre-war annexations): "His last name was Holstein, but I can't remember his first name!"

Miss Wilson: "Bunny, use 'dynasty' in a sentence."

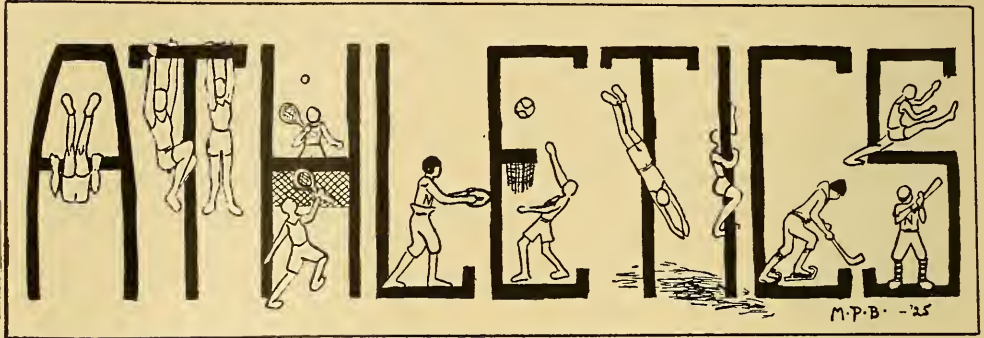
Bunny: "The man was eaten by vultures. Didn't he die nasty?"

* * *

Alice: "Miss Foster wants to know whose magazine that is."

Mary: "Tell her 'Everybody's'."





BASE BALL

Norwood started its season with an extra factor working against them in the form of weather and weather men. Two out of the first three games had to be cancelled because of inclement weather. The team, however, is in good standing with a percentage of over five hundred, having won four games and lost three. The following is a brief summary of the games played:

WALTHAM AT NORWOOD

Waltham possessed a fast, clever playing team having two All-Scholastic players, one a catcher and the other a short-stop. Very little hitting was done by either team, most of the runs being scored on errors. Molloy pitched a fine game of ball and deserved to win, but the odds were against him. Score at the end of the game: Norwood 1, Waltham 4.

BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL AT NORWOOD

This proved to be a closely contested game until the last minute of the ninth inning. The score seesawed back and forth and at the start of the last half of the ninth inning Latin School had a two-run lead. Berkland, however, led off with a hit, followed by another by Bunney and then still another by Molloy that scored Berkland and advanced Bunney to third. Fireman hit a ball to

Latin's third baseman, who booted it and allowed Bunney to score, tying it up 5 to 5. Molloy then scored in another error and the game was won. Final score: Latin 5; Norwood 6.

BOSTON TRADE SCHOOL AT NORWOOD

This was a rather slow game with Norwood always in the lead. Dixon made his first appearance on the mound for Norwood and gave good account of himself. Score: Trade School 1; Norwood 5.

BOSTON H. S. OF COMMERCE AT NORWOOD

Commerce possessed a fast and hard hitting team and was credited with wins over Latin School and the strong Hyde Park nine. At Norwood they met with very strong opposition, but managed to take the game by two runs. Final score: Norwood 1; Commerce 3.

CHARLESTOWN H. S. AT NORWOOD

This proved to be an easy game and Norwood hit with precision during the entire game. This was Dixon's second game and he held the visitors well in hand allowing them only a few scattered hits the entire afternoon. In the eighth inning, Jimmie Donovan replaced Dixon and W. McDonough replaced Jim Bunney and succeeded in holding the visitors scoreless. Score: Charlestown 0; Norwood 6.

NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL AT NEEDHAM

This game is a sad story of poor sportsmanship on the part of Needham. Only one inning of the game had been played and Norwood was leading one to nothing. Massey was at bat and bunted. The ball was about two feet inside of the foul line when the Needham pitcher tried to pick it up and muffed it, and it rolled over the line. The umpire called it a foul ball and there followed a long and heated discussion that finally resulted in Norwood's leaving the field.

WALPOLE HIGH SCHOOL AT NORWOOD

Walpole had a very strong team and a string of nine consecutive victories. They

also were confident of making it ten but were finally disappointed. It was a close, fast game from start to finish. In the eighth inning, Norwood scored a run and then Molloy struck the last three batters out in succession. Final score: Norwood 1; Walpole 0.

JAMAICA PLAIN H. S. AT WEST ROXBURY

This game was loosely played and there was a lot of hitting. Jamaica Plain tapped out twelve safe hits, while Norwood got thirteen. Poor fielding in the last two innings practically cost Jamaica the game. Geary and Spierdowis played best for Norwood. Score: Jamaica Plain 5; Norwood 7.



It is not often that the members of the High School have the opportunity to listen to world-famous speakers. However, we had this pleasure on May 11, when Dr. John Haynes Holmes addressed the Senior and Junior High School at a combined assembly. Dr. Holmes' address was very interesting and inspiring. His exceedingly logical presentation, his evident understanding of human nature, and his strikingly forceful character and personality made his message impressive and convincing.

Dr. Holmes is a graduate of Harvard

University and a resident of New York City. He is also the author of many books, among which are "Readings from Great Authors," and "New Wars and Old."

* * *

We all wish to welcome our new music instructor, Professor Dethier. Under his direction the Glee Club and Senior Chorus have progressed rapidly. "Morning Invitation" by Veazie; "Song of the Armorer," Nevin; "Sing! Sing! Birds on the Wing," Nutting; "On to Victory," Burnham, are the selections chosen for

graduation. These seem to have been picked very carefully, for the first requires an alto solo; the second, a bass solo; the third, a soprano solo, and the fourth an alto and soprano combined. In this way variety is given to the chorus. The Glee Club has sung the first of these at two of the assemblies and received much applause.

* * *

Under the leadership of Mr. Smith, the orchestra has again appeared in public and played at some of the assemblies. Many new members have been added making a total of twenty-four members at present.

They have been playing marches and some of the latest jazz pieces. "Oh, Kathrina" received particular applause from the student body. Mr. Smith's bow compared very favorably with that of Mr. Morse. Just now the orchestra is practicing marches from "Aida" and "The Prophet," for graduation.

* * *

A group of Seniors from the history classes visited some of the public buildings of Boston a few weeks ago.

While at the State House, they visited the Senate Chamber where a quiet meeting was being held. The members seemed in no way interested in the bills which were up for discussion. It seemed like a day of rest, because there was no one who made an attempt to say anything about the bills which were so quickly passed.

After this visit they went to the Chamber of the House of Representatives. There things were quite different. A discussion was going on as to whether or not a bill should be passed to give a large sum of money to the Boston and Maine Railroad. This discussion was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of a messenger from his Excellency the Gov-

ernor. The messenger was admitted amid the clapping of hands and the shouts of the members.

Later, a guard took the visitors about the building, showing them the Governor's Room which is a perfect cube in shape and said to be the most beautiful room in the building. Along the walls in the corridor they saw many beautiful oil paintings, the most noticeable of which were those of the Boston Tea Party, Paul Revere's Ride and James Otis speaking against the Writs of Assistance.

After leaving the State House, they hurried over to the Old State House where they saw relics of old vessels, the models of ships and sailboats, weapons used by early settlers, books and clothing of the early governors of Massachusetts, and a large bench made from an elm tree from Boston Common. One observation that impressed them with the antiquity of the building was the absence of any means of producing artificial light.

With little time left, they hurried over to Faneuil Hall, where they wrote their names in the visitors' register. Upon looking back a few pages in the book, they found that a few of their own classmates had visited the famous Hall some weeks before.

Leaving the Hall and Markets behind, they hurried over to the Customs House Tower, but were disappointed because it had already been closed to visitors.

They returned home wishing that a few more of their classmates might have enjoyed the trip with them.

* * *

On April 14 a theatre party, made up of the girls who had helped during the football and basket ball seasons by selling tickets at the games, went in town to see the musical comedy, "Rose Marie." Miss McGonagle and Miss Kiley acted as chaperones. All the girls



NORWOOD BOARD OF TRADE SCHOLARSHIP CUP

agreed that it was one of the most enjoyable times they had ever had and that they surely appreciated Mr. Grant's thoughtfulness in arranging such a party.

* * *

Eight of the Commercial Seniors are working on the "Hospital Drive" under the direction of Miss Woodard.

Thursday, May 21, many of the Commercial Seniors visited the Bird Plant in Norwood and Walpole.

* * *

The Norwood High School students are benefited by another scholarship which is given by the Norwood Woman's Club. It is an initial one, accessible to anyone (on the loan basis) who may apply and is found to be worthy of it. The club has a special committee in charge of this and they hope that the fund may be increased in later years.

* * *

At the High School Assembly on May 1, the Norwood Board of Trade Scholarship Cup was presented with very appropriate exercises. The first thing on the program was a selection by the school orchestra, followed by two selections by the Glee Club.

Then came the unveiling of the cup and presentation to the school by Rev. Charles H. Brown, the chairman of the

Educational Board. He made a very impressive speech in explaining the plan of the Board in awarding the cup and the significance of its possession.

The fourth thing on the program was the acceptance of the cup for the school and the making of the first award by Mr. Grant, our principal.

In accordance with his usual habit, Mr. Grant kept us in great anxiety and suspense by delaying the direct naming of the class to receive the cup for the first time. It seemed as though we waited hours for the actual award. Finally it came and the class of '25 received the honor. Richard Dowling, its president, made a very fitting extemporaneous speech in behalf of his classmates of '25.

The statistics that decided the award were as follows:

Seniors—25.27 on the honor roll.

Juniors—23.81 on the honor roll.

Sophomores—23.32 on the honor roll.

After we had recovered a little from our excitement, the orchestra played again and then we sang "Norwood" under the leadership of Professor Dethier.

We all certainly wish to express our thanks to the Board of Trade for the Trophy Cup, which will be a great incentive in scholarship competition among the classes of the High School.

! ! !

I had been napping, when a fearful noise

Made me straighten up in bed.

Another earthquake, so I thought;

But before the words were said—

I looked right out the window,

It was the close of day—

And behold! 'twas just a teacher

Carting home her weekly pay.

JOHN WISGIRDA, '27.



NORWOOD HIGH SCHOOL, CLASS OF 1925

Senior Notes

TO THE UNDERGRADUATES

In the year of '26,
When us Seniors you do miss,
Just as though we were not parted,
Carry out what we have started—
For our school!

Lead on to victory our football team,
Fight each battle, hard and clean.
Join the "Questers" and, if you can,
Be a friend to every man—
For our school!

When you must for the 'Arguenot'
Write a "new and clever plot,"
Do not grumble and curse your luck,
But show your Norwood grit and
pluck—

For our school!

L. E. N., '25.

* * *

Congratulations to the Seniors for being the first to have their class numerals inscribed on the cup presented by the Norwood Board of Trade. We sincerely hope that the Seniors will not cede first place to either the Juniors or Sophomores, but will finally have "the Class of '25" inscribed on the cup for the last time.

Graduation Day is rapidly creeping nearer. Each day gone by brings the end of our High School life much nearer. Each day is carefully marked and counted off—not because the Seniors are in any hurry to graduate, but lest the end come too soon, before we are aware of it.

Preparation for graduation is already in full swing. Music is being practised, committees have been appointed, the class pictures taken, the essays written and three selected, and the class motto has been chosen.

Soon we shall begin practising the graduation march itself.

Graduation! What an important and solemn event this will be in our life. It will mean first of all the severing of all our connections with Norwood High, the school we have loved, supported, worked for, fought for and of which we are very proud. Graduation to some Seniors means the promotion to some higher institute of learning—college, business school or normal school. To others, perhaps not so fortunate, it means much more. It means the end of school life altogether and the beginning of the struggle to earn a living.

We are now almost alumni, yet we can clearly remember our entrance into Norwood High and the different stages we went through before we became Seniors. First of all we were insignificant, green Freshmen, wandering a little fearfully about a great big new building. How we marveled at the long corridors and the many large rooms and how diligently we attempted to remember which stairs were for ascending and which for descending! After a short year, we became Sophomores and this was when we made our debut into social life when we held our Sophomore Party. Next we were Juniors, the jolly Juniors, second in dignity only to the mighty Seniors, and finally with only a brief intermission, we became Seniors at last. We were the most honored, the wisest, most privileged class. We have reached our last milestone and the time has come when we must say good-bye to our school, our teachers and our underclassmates.

Norwood High School, the Class of '25 bids you farewell.

A SENIOR BED-TIME STORY

ONE day the Taylors' daughter started out from the Towne on an errand to the Potter's for her mother. After she had walked Swift(ly) along for about half an hour, she came to some Woods. As she was hot and tired, she decided to Lydon on some cool Morse. Picking up a huge leaf, she started Fanning herself. She was very hungry; so she ate some Curran(ts) and some corn on the Cobb. Soon she was rested and she walked along picking Flower(s). Once a Bunny scampered across her path, but she was not afraid of him—he was harmless. However, she kept her eyes open for any Wolfe which might be lurking near by.

After turning some sharp Connors, she came to the Potter's cottage. She rapped lightly on the door but nobody answered; so she gave it a few Wachs. This time it was opened. When she had completed her errand, she met William(s) the Potter's son. He played on the Euke Laily for her. That night when her mother came to her bed-side to Tucker in, she told her about the Nu"gent" she had met.

M. M. C., '25.

Miss Elliott: "We paid Colombia \$25,000,000 to appease her."

Bailey (musingly): "Heart balm, eh?"

* * *

Mary Wolfe: "Orpheus was a great musician because he was the only one who could charm wild women."

* * *

WAY DOWN SOUTH

"All right back there?" howled the conductor.

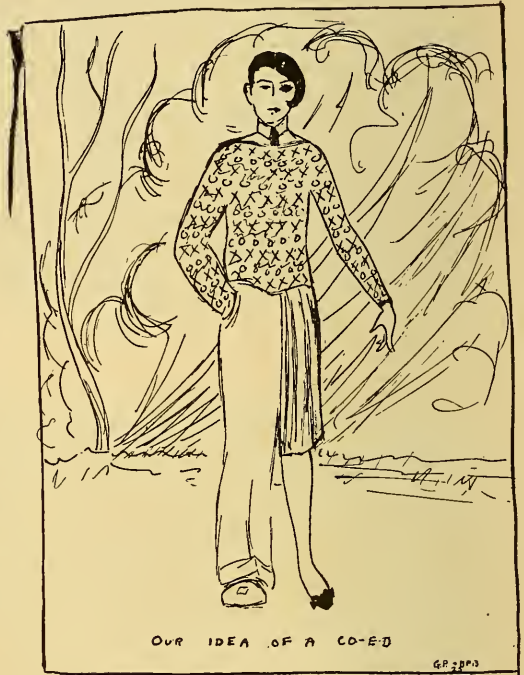
"Hol' on, hol' on," shrieked a feminine voice. "Jes wait till I gets mah clothes on."

And then as the entire carfull craned their necks, expectantly, she entered with a basket of laundry.

* * *

There is a class of Seniors,
Who when they have gone away,
Will fill the Juniors' hearts with sorrow
And make them old and gray.

Oh, yes, maybe!



Miss Blaisdell (reading a poem):
"Please notice the feet."

Voice in the rear: "That one is ding-toed."

* * *

There was a young fellow named Glass
Whose boldness was equal to brass.
One day the poor fool
Was bold to a mule.
His body lies here 'neath the grass.

* * *

Plumb: "The World War was fought on the grounds of democracy."

Dumb: "Gosh! And I always thought it was fought in Europe!"

Youth, passionately to roommate:
"And so we embraced under a July moon!"

Roommate: "Oh, I see, a summer squash!"

* * *

A TALENTED LADY

Eleanor Morse: "And his wife died again."

Tank and Pat, walking together.

Tank: "Hello girls!" (After girls had passed.)

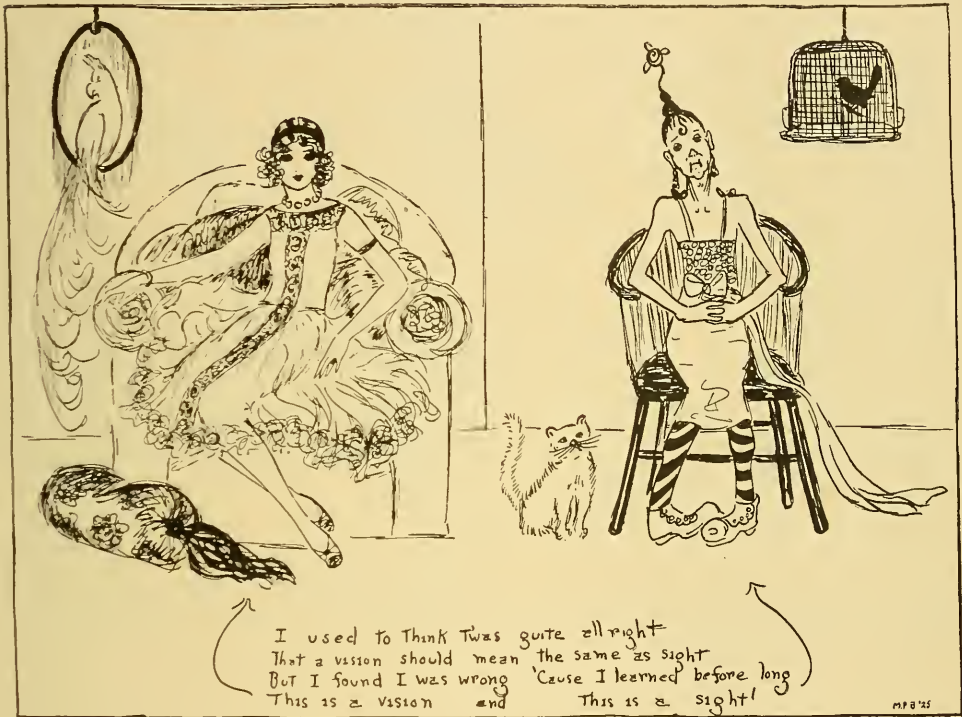
Pat: "Who are they?"

Tank: "I don't know. I thought you knew them."

* * *

Teacher: "Who made Homer famous?"

Pupil: "Babe Ruth."



ms 8 '25

Senior: "What kind of a girl is she?"

Radio-Bug: "Well, she's a loud speaker and likes to broadcast."

* * *

Office Boy: "The boss can't see anyone today."

Caller: "Well, tell him that I hope his blindness is only temporary."

* * *

Teacher: "Why was Burke a matchless orator?"

Pupil: "I suppose he didn't smoke!"

A B on a report card is worth two in a bush.

* * *

ATAVISM

Grace P. (rubbing her dress after a visit to the barber's): "I must brush my hairy chest!"

* * *

Myrtha: "The fellows are to wear red shoes for Graduation."

Jock: "But they can't wear red shoes with evening dresses."

STYLES

I think that there will never be
 Styles as queer as these we see,
 When all the women try to ape
 The styles of men from shoe to cape.

Their style of hair-cut they did rob,
 For now they have the shingle bob.
 Knickers, too, are common now.
 Where will they end, I ask, and how?

I think that there will never be
 Styles as queer as these we see,
 Unless the men begin to wear
 Skirts and dresses and long hair.

M. P. B.

BROKE

Empty are my pockets now—
 'Tis very sad indeed—;
 But probably, I'd have been rich
 If I had taken heed.
 That thought does not encumber me,
 It will not make me rich;
 It seems as if to make some dough,
 That I must dig a ditch.
 That labor is, indeed, too hard;
 I will not soil my hands.
 But oh! what can, what can I do?
 Go back to foreign lands?
 That neither can I try to do,
 I have no steamship ticket.
 Oh me! oh my! How poor am I!
 I'm just a homeless cricket.

O. J., '25.

Miss Gow: "Where's that Swift girl?"
 Quester: "She's fasting!"

* * *

Miss Hayes: "Doran, why are you
 looking at Maher?"

Doran: "I'm trying to concentrate on
 something funny."

* * *

Inebriated one (preparing to jump into
 his bed): "Welcome Shweet Shpring!"

PARODY

There's a school on the hill called Nor-
 wood,
 And most all its daughters too—
 Are the biggest lot of flappers
 That I ever saw, or knew.

When'er their cheeks are faded,
 Or their lips begin to peel,
 They rush down to the beauty shop
 For a box of pink Jonteel.

Most all of them are shingled,
 But they're quite a pretty set;
 There's not a lot of nicer girls
 In the whole U. S., I bet.

ARTHUR TUCKER, '25.

WHEN I AM A TEACHER

When I am a teacher, I'll learn to know
 That my position is a chance to grow;
 I'll try to understand students who work,
 To direct their efforts that none may
 shirk.

When I am a teacher, I'll always lead;
 I shall never drive to attain more speed.
 Pupils are human—and, moved by love,
 They do more work than when they are
 shoved.

When I am a teacher, I'll play the game,
 Be more ready to praise than I am to
 blame;

Be sincere, and just, and never a snob,
 But above all else, I'll be on the job.

When I am a teacher, this truth I'll learn,
 That I am the key to the whole concern;
 That the future success of the students
 depends
 On capable leadership of my young
 friends.

M. C., '25.

PROSPECTUS OF GRADUATES

GIRLS

Name:	Address:	Future plans:
Balboni, Mary	46 Central St.	Normal Arts School
Barry, Nora	73 Railroad Ave.	Framingham Normal School
Bataitis, Gertrude	5 Atwood Ave.	Boston Teachers' College
Caverly, Margaret	408 Prospect St.	Jackson College
Clancy, Mary	9 Phillips Ave.	Work
Connolly, Julia	247 Winter St.	Fitchburg Normal School
Connors, Ruth	64 Winslow Ave.	Boston Teachers' College
Corcoran, Helen	37 Mountain Ave.	North Adams Normal School
Crowley, Mary	80 Prospect Ave.	Hyannis Normal School
Curran, Anna	101 Casey St.	Work
Curran, Helen	29 Curran Ave.	Work
Curran, Margaret	378 Railroad Ave.	Normal School
Dean, Helen	50 Bellevue Ave.	Work
De Costa, Mary	41 Press Ave.	Work
Endresen, Sylvia	15 Second St.	Norwood Trust Co.
Fanning, Mary	185 Railroad Ave.	Fitchburg Normal School
Fay, Naomi	46 Maple St.	Normal School
Flaherty, Mary	126 Cottage St.	Framingham Normal School
Flansbury, Dorothy	20 Summit Ave.	Normal School
Flower, Congetta	11 Heaton Ave.	Plimpton Press
Gifford, Eva	18 Clark St.	Bird and Son
Gilliland, Elizabeth	66 Hoyle St.	Wheaton College
Griffin, Marie	437 Walpole St.	Western Reserve University
Higgins, Anna	80 Prospect Ave.	Work
Johnson, Vera	69 Eliot St.	Work
Keith, Gladys	136 Vernon St.	Simmons College
Kelliher, Agnes	41 Cedar St.	Work
Kneznek, Eva	103 Cottage St.	Jackson College
Kulmala, Aune	22 Chapel St.	Work
Lindeberg, Myrtha	15 Savin Ave.	Westfield Normal School
Lydon, Nora	289 Railroad Ave.	Hollingsworth & Vose Co.
Macready, Edith	13 Dean St.	Bouvé School of Physical Education
MacLean, Ruth	301 Prospect St.	Hollingsworth & Vose Co.
McDonough, Mary	87 Fulton St.	Work
Milesky, Ida	1175 Washington St.	Work
Moloney, Elizabeth	38 George St.	Framingham Normal School
Morse, Eleanor	196 Vernon St.	Work
Newark, Mabel	55 Cedar St.	Work
Nugent, Louise	18 Williams St.	Framingham Normal School
Owens, Margaret	2 Park St.	Bird and Son
Potter, Grace	83 Washington St.	Radcliffe College
Pratt, Alice	31 Maple St.	Worcester Normal School

PROSPECTUS OF GRADUATES—*Continued*

GIRLS

Riley, Alyce	130 Walpole St.	Chandler Secretarial School
Rosengren, Jeanette	306 Walpole St.	Westfield Normal School
Saelen, Josephine	356 Lenox St.	Framingham Normal School
Skoogberg, Lillian	22 Walnut Ave.	Work
Sullivan, Dorothy	38 Press Ave.	Fitchburg Normal School
Swift, Marion	419 Prospect St.	Work
Tollander, Lydia	70 East Cross St.	Work
Turner, Doris	379 Railroad Ave.	High School
Welsh, Mary	300 Nahatan St.	Western Union
Welsh, Teresa	58 Eliot St.	Boston Teachers' College
Wenzel, Lena	224 Winslow Ave.	Work
Williams, Dorothy	38 George St.	Framingham Normal School
Wolfe, Mary	21 Maple St.	Radcliffe College
Smith, Elsie	39 Oak Road	Work

BOYS

Anderson, John	101 Monroe St.	Work
Bailey, Chester	264 Lenox St.	Wentworth Institute
Bunney, James	47 Central St.	Work
Cobb, Edwin	19 Wheelock Ave.	Northeastern University
Cronan, Bernard	20 Warren Ave.	Wentworth Institute
Dolager, Leo	157 Railroad Ave.	Work
Doran, James	37 Cross St.	Work
Dowling, Richard	12 Warren St.	Boston Conservatory of Music
Elias, James	1151 Washington St.	American Glue Co.
Eppich, Fred	35 Wilson St.	Work
Fireman, Irving	894 Washington St.	Tufts College
Frederickson, George	10 Harding Road	Work
Hansen, Howard	23 Lenox Ave.	Work
Hastings, Oliver	11 Hoyle St.	Work
Howard, Fred	2 Alwood Ave.	Brown University
Hurley, Francis	14 Williams St.	Work
Johnson, Edmund	16 Bellevue Ave.	Work
Johnson, Olgot	29 Davis Ave.	Work
Kelter, David	50 Davis Ave.	John Hyatt, Contractor
Kenefick, Vincent	8 Hoyle St.	Harvard University
Knaus, Charles	481 Walpole St.	American Glue Co.
Lailey, Harold	153 Walnut Ave.	Northeastern University
Mackenny, Lawrence	136 Vernon St.	Northeastern University
Maher, Maurice	11 Chapel St.	Work
Maini, Bruno	66 Tremont St.	Work
Mattson, Anton	11 Johnson Court	Work
Molloy, Ernest	140 Walnut Ave.	Harvard University

Pendergast, Fred	98 Walnut Ave.	Work
Pendergast, James	30 Pleasant St.	Boston College
Regan, James	60 Cross St.	Burdett College
Spierdowis, Michael	14 Oolah Ave.	Hebron Academy
Taylor, George	4 Park St.	Bentley School of Accounting
Towne, Lea	28 Cross St.	Work
Tucker, Arthur	768 Neponset St.	Work
Wacks, Joseph	69 Philips Ave.	Tufts College
Waldheim, Robert	50 Winslow Ave.	Norwich University

Junior Notes

Well, Juniors, another term has passed. Noth— I started to say that nothing of interest happened, but I remembered very plainly that something *did* happen. What was it? Why the Juniors *nearly* won the Scholarship Cup. Just think, we came within five-tenths of one per cent of winning it. At last we have found ourselves and have started on the right road. We must remember, "If at first we don't succeed, to try, try again."

I think that if we continue to improve, we shall certainly be worthy of becoming Seniors.

I've noticed that the Juniors owing Class Tax are carefully studying the lists that are posted—and, moreover, are paying what they owe. Keep up the good work, Juniors. Remember we shall not be Juniors much longer—but, mighty Seniors!

We want to start next year—our Senior year—with a good record and a very good recommendation. Let this be our goal and let us all work for it!

* * *

Kind old lady, depositing coin in tin cup of beggar: "It must be terrible to be lame; but then, I suppose you're glad you're not blind."

Beggar: "I sure am. Why last week when I was blind, I got some counterfeit money."

Here lies my wife, Minnie Hine:
Her troubles are quiet—
So are mine.

* * *

There was a young man named Spree
Who fell o'er the trunk of a tree.
He landed kerplunk
On the back of a skunk;
For a while from friends he was free.

* * *

"Tony," said the teacher, "rase that board."

Tony: "Can't, da board, he no run."

* * *

"Jimmy," said the teacher who was teaching the class more about the sense of touch, "here is a pencil. Now, what do you feel?"

"Tired," said Jimmy with a yawn.

* * *

Young lady: "I hope when I am able to vote, I shall be as influential as my brother."

Ditto: "How's that?"

Y. L.: "Why he voted in the last two presidential elections and each time his choice won."

* * *

When did it happen, t'day or yest'day?
It happened t'day.
T'day?
Yes—t'day.

Father, angrily: "What kind of pants are those you have on?"

Up-to-date son: "Balloon pants."

Father: "Well, they're going to fly out of here pretty soon."

* * *

WHAT THE JUNIORS HOPE TO ACQUIRE:

The Seniors' sophisticated air.

The Senior girls' graceful motions.

The Senior boys' sweet voices.

The Sophomores' excess pride.

The Sophomores' unexcelled ambitions.

The Sophomores' "grown-up" ways.

When we have added the above things to our make-up, we shall have attained perfection.

* * *

WE LEARN IN ENGLISH CLASS:

From Metcalf—that Shakespeare was an Italian.

From Isabel Zuiry—that she has to "transpose" Cassius' speeches.

From Miss Estes—that a new way to pronounce "Miss" is "Mith."

From Stone—that no animal was involved when "Aeneas did the old Anchises bear."

* * *

SWEET STUDYING

English, French and chemistry

Always make us full of glee.

The homework is a friend to all—

Thus we rarely ever stall.

Of course, we sometimes, all in fun,

Do let our homework go undone.

Every morning with anxious eyes,
We wait just for that sun to rise,
So, when there comes the break of day,
At our school work we can play.
It is our pleasure to recite
Because we know that we are bright.

We always keep our teachers "cool,"
Because we hardly ever fool.
We fill right up with awful gloom
When e'er a teacher leaves the room,
And always feel a painful sting
When we hear recess bell ring.

We love to work.

J. W., '26.

* * *

JUST A JUNIOR

The Seniors may be happy,
For they graduate this Spring—
But I'm glad I'm just a Junior.
Now, these words I often sing.

I'd dislike to be a Senior,
And leave the school this year—
I'm glad I'm just a Junior,
And must spend some more time here.

I suppose when I'm a Senior,
I'll be proud and happy, too—
But I'm glad I'm just a Junior
And this year do not get through.

K. MAHONEY, '26.

* * *

A sign seen in a grocery: "Big drop in eggs."

Sophomore Notes

We have not forgotten that Mr. Rowe prophesied that the Juniors were to receive the cup for the best Honor Roll Record. The class of '27, being Junior class next year, intends to receive

the cup every term. Those who wish to enter into competition are welcome.

* * *

Dues are due, don't forget to do your duty!

Behold! the rings and pins of the Sophomore Class have come at last. Our upper classmates are still raving about them. The owl, though small, stands for wisdom which will be shown in the future. We certainly all congratulate the committee on their satisfying choice.

* * *

The exalted destiny of the Sophomore Class has been determined by the choosing of their advisors.

* * *

Bert: "How do you expect to hit the ball like that?"

John: "Oh, I use my head."

* * *

Morrissey: "Girls will be girls, I suppose."

Howes: "Girls will be pests is more appropriate."

* * *

FOOLISH QUESTIONS

What keeps a heart-broken man alive?

If a man is cracked, what keeps him together?

If a man is nutty, does he grow on a tree?

What makes a man go off his mind if he isn't standing on his head?

* * *

A company of soldiers was lounging on a river bank.

Captain (in sharp tones): "Fall in!"

New private: "Oh, I just got this new suit, and now I have to get it all wet."

* * *

We wonder—

If the dog star barks.

If they'll raise the class tax.

What would happen if the boys ran the lunch counter.

If they'll shorten the periods next year.

If Spencer likes Spanish.

If "Dooney" was in at 7.50 this morning.

If Hartshorn is asleep or just dreaming.

If Dedham will win next year.

If the dignified Senior should speak to Sophs.

When Dick Crosby's sweater will wear out.

Why Jarvis doesn't play baseball.

If there is anything else to wonder about.

* * *

Miss Elliott: "Who were the leaders of the agricultural revolution in England?"

Pupil: "Er—er—the farmers."

* * *

FORGOTTEN BLUES

My time is almost handy;

All hope has left my trance;

For I know that I shall perish

Beneath that scorching glance.

My knees are shaking badly;

My stomach, feeling blue;

And so, oh Guardian of the Wayward,

I leave my fate to you.

The door has opened noiselessly

And a milestone has been passed.

I am ushered into his presence;

I feel as though I'm gassed.

A chair is very handy;

That I use as a place of rest.

Numbness has invaded my body.

My nature is not at its best.

The principal regards me steadily;

I cringe beneath his gaze.

He does not converse very readily

And I see him through a haze.

At last the verdict is rendered;

My spirit is at rest,

And I depart to do an errand,

Wearing the smile of the blest.

WILBUR C. FAY, '27.

Jack: "Bill, I scored the winning run yesterday."

Bill: "I didn't know you played ball."

Jack: "I don't: I am scorekeeper."

* * *

U: "I ran a hundred yards last night in two seconds."

R: "What track did you run about?"

Dumb: "In bed about midnight."

* * *

Sophomore: "I heard that you had a pull with the teacher."

Senior: "I did, but I guess that she was stronger than I."

Miss Blake: "Pike, your figure for that exercise which you showed me in the study hall is not the same as Shute's."

Pike: "Yes it is, only it's drawn differently."

* * *

AT THE BALL GAME

The batter hit a foul ball which was coming for Mr. Brown, who was gazing at a flock of birds flying over the field, when suddenly someone shouted "duck!"

Mr. Brown replied haughtily, "You are crazy; they are geese."

Alumni Notes

John Gahagan, '22, is the proud possessor of a shiny, bran-new sedan of a popular make. "Oh, the lure of the open road."

The "Darc-Knights" ran one of their successful dances on April 29. The versatile Ethiopians drew a fine crowd. Your genial Editor graced the gathering with his graceful presence and the dance was a tremendous success.

Another good time was had at a Norwood-B. C. Dance run by Jimmie Flaherty and "Tenner" McDonough. Our star reporter forgot his press badge and had to pay to get in, but the crowd was such that he enjoyed himself just the same.

Dances have been quite plentiful and

the Alumni are well represented among the impresarios. The Triangle Club, composed of Catherine Downey, '22. Vera Downey, '23 and Annie Curran made "the welkin ring" (that isn't original) on May 29.

We should appreciate very much news of the alumni who are away at college.

An alumnus has volunteered the suggestion that the column should be headed by a fancy design with the inscription—"Abandon all hope, ye who enter here." We have been pondering the suggestion, wondering whether we should get angry.

George Newman, '21, graduates from Dartmouth this year. Congratulations, George!

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Comments On Our "Arguenot"

"Golden Rod," Quincy, Mass.—You have a fine magazine. Your Literary Department is especially good.

"The Huttlestonian," New Bedford,

Mass.—A superlative in the world of school magazines.

"The Garnet," Virginia.—You have one of the best papers in our exchange

column. Your Literary and Foreign Departments are worth reading. We thank you for the advice you gave us through your Exchange Department, and we hope to profit by it.

"The Review," Central High School,

N. Y.—The size and merit of your Literary Department deserves much praise. I think more cuts would improve your paper. Your poems were greatly enjoyed.

"Arguenot" On Our Comments

"Northeastern Tech"—A small but compact magazine which gives one a good idea of school life at Tech.

"Spectator," Chicopee, Mass.—Our only criticism is that your paper is too small. Nevertheless, we like it.

"Abhis," Abington, Mass.—We extend hearty congratulations to a school which we are able to judge favorably by its well-edited, interesting magazine. We are glad to see that a number of Abhis students received awards at the meeting of the Southeastern League of Publication.

"The Rindge Register"—A clever little paper. Good jokes and cartoons.

"The Academy," St. Joseph's Academy, St. Paul, Minn.—What an enviable paper you edit. Excellent material throughout. You have a real poet and artist in the persons of Lillian Coleman and Catherine Handrahan. Come again.

"The Tripod," Roxbury Latin School—Congratulations on your clever frontispiece! Your paper always seems overflowing with school spirit, which of course, accounts for your successful edition.

"The Review," Central High School, Washington, D. C.—Your paper is so full of excellent material that we find it impossible to comment upon any one article. We are certainly looking forward to receiving your next number.

"The Courier," Hyde Park High School—Why not attempt an enlargement of your paper, for surely such a school as

Hyde Park High is capable of editing a larger magazine.

"B. U. News," Boston University—As fine a paper of its type as we have ever received.

"Unquity Echo," Milton, Mass.—A paper we are glad to have in our exchange. We'll be dying of suspense until we obtain the concluding number of "Wild Oats."

"Lawrence Bulletin," Lawrence, Mass.—Your paper has many admirable qualities which make an interesting and enjoyable magazine.

"The Academic Observer," Utica, N. Y.—Your paper covers a wide variety of topics. It shows splendid cooperation on the part of the students at Utica, Academy.

"The Review," Central High School, (May Issue)—Thanks for your comment on our paper. We hope to profit by it and some day to reach the degree of perfection which the "Review" has attained.

"Drury Academe," North Adams, Mass.—Your paper is amazing in its originality in regard to cuts and other material. Your jokes are the "real thing." Come again and often.

"Golden Rod," Quincy, Mass.—Welcome as a new member. We are proud to exchange with such a paper as yours.

"The Oredigger," Colorado School of Mines—A small but newsy paper which we look forward to with interest.

"The Blue and Gold," Malden High

School—We think your paper would be a hundred per cent perfect if printed in magazine form with a few cuts. However, it contains good, logical material.

"The Ateneo," Manila, P. I.—One of the most finished and successful papers in our exchange. We look forward to each issue.

"Oak Leaves," Vassalboro—Your magazine certainly is an inspiration. We envy your excellent, well-balanced departments.

"The Green and White," Manila, P. I.—One of the most enjoyable papers in our exchange.

"The Jabberwock," Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.—A well finished magazine, though it may be improved considerably by a few cartoons.

"The Glen-Nor Crier," Glenolden and Norwood High School, Pa.—We received

copies of your magazine through the kindness of a member of our faculty. We like your magazine and wish to exchange.

"Holyoke Herald," Holyoke, Mass.—Your paper is always welcome though we do not always have a chance to comment upon it.

"The Pilgrim," Plymouth, Mass.—Welcome to our exchange column. We are always glad to receive new exchanges, especially when they are as successful papers as yours.

"The Garnet," Richmond, Va.—Your paper, we feel sure, is the result of perfect cooperation between student and faculty. Congratulations!

"The Huttlestonian," New Bedford, Mass.—What an artistic cover design. It attracts our attention from the first and the contents hold it to the last page.

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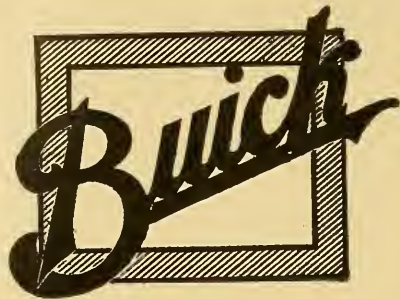
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